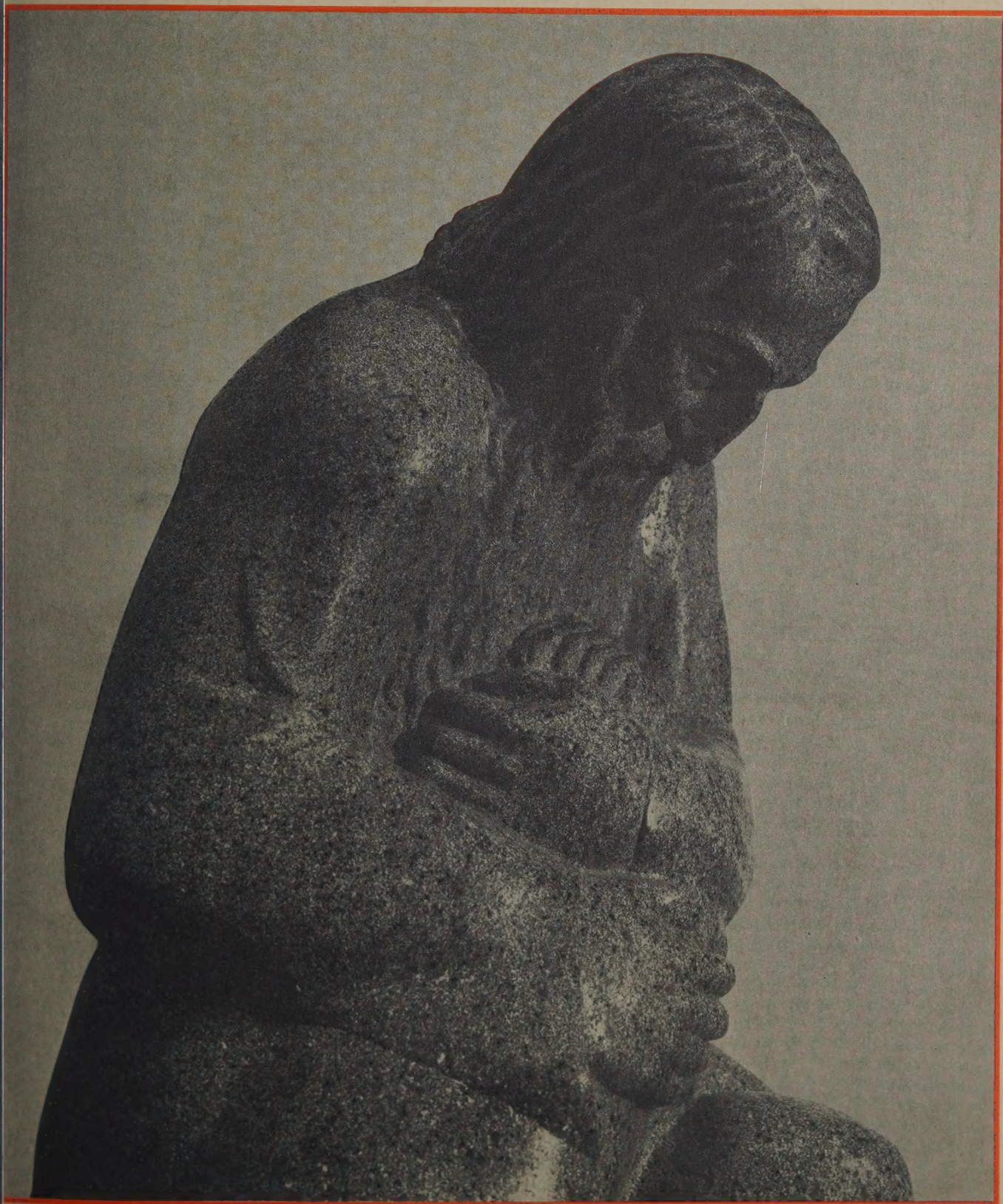


MAGAZINE OF ART



THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS • WASHINGTON
FEBRUARY, 1939 • FIFTY CENTS

Important Circulating Exhibitions

GLACKENS MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

Through the courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art, a William Glackens Memorial Exhibition is available for national circulation.

Selected directly from the Whitney Museum exhibition, by Mrs. Juliana Force, Director of the Museum, Mr. Hermon More, Curator, and Mr. Forbes Watson, Associate Editor of the Magazine of Art, this exhibition is of exceptional character. It includes forty paintings and more than thirty drawings, illustrating the entire range of Glackens' career.

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The American Federation of Arts
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS: BARR BUILDING, WASHINGTON



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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

BARR BUILDING • WASHINGTON

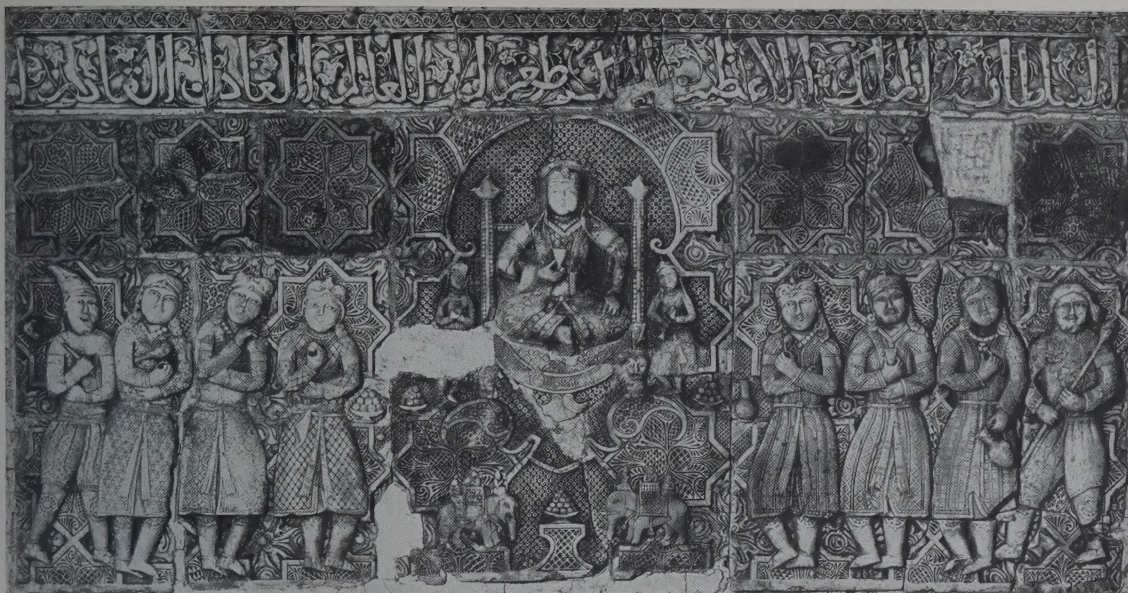
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PREVIOUS ISSUES LISTED IN "ART INDEX" AND "THE READER'S GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE"



TINTORETTO: MADONNA AND CHILD. LENT BY THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART TO THE EXHIBITION AT THE DURLACHER GALLERIES FROM FEBRUARY 20 TO MARCH 18. THIS IS THE FIRST EXHIBITION DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO TINTORETTO EVER HELD IN NEW YORK CITY. CRITICIZED ON PAGE 98



STUCCO WALL FROM ANCIENT RHAGES IN PERSIA. TWELFTH CENTURY. NOW INSTALLED IN THE RECENTLY OPENED GALLERIES OF ORIENTAL ART AT THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM

THE UNSEEN WIND: AN EDITORIAL

IN THAT WITTY, sagacious and satisfying book, *The Human Situation*, in which the author, W. MacNeile Dixon, states his philosophy with heartening freedom of the mind, he writes: "We are easily misled. It is not the lofty sails that move the ship but the unseen wind."

If we apply these sentences to art they are illuminating, since there is much in art that is unseen and comes to us through our interpretation of the seen, or through our knowledge of the forces surrounding and impelling the artist, the forces that motivate the society in which he lives. We see, for example, that in one period, such as our own, religious art has fallen to a low ebb while in other centuries long past many artists interpreted the religious theme with warmth, ability and conviction. Out of other ages have come portraits of popes and kings and lords. Yet the merest hint of the hierarchical is attempted in this day only by the imitator of an art whose mainspring belongs to the past.

There is little belief, we note also, in the royal portraits that the London papers dilate upon in their news of a new Royal Academy show. We cannot imagine a Titian's *Charles V*, or any work resembling it being done today. We are not discussing personal power nor weeping for better portraits of kings or lords or ladies. We want merely to suggest that intangible social forces qualify both the limitations and the scope of the artist.

Through the artist the spirit of a period finds its expression. He is articulate—the mouthpiece of his civilization. By his statement about life as he sees it his day is judged. There is a mass of thought, belief, feeling to which he gives form and expression.

As one age follows another the current that sways men's thoughts and actions changes in power and direction. Long after this current has changed, the work of art which has expressed it remains alive. It has a lasting life within itself. But any attempt to imitate that work by a man living in the

midst of another current is doomed to failure. For in every work of art there is the reflection of living social forces. These forces, however varied in expression through the differences in the personalities of the artists, cannot be felt after they are spent and other forces have taken their place.

We have only to think of the modern imitations of mediaeval churches, or of the Greek temples which dot the land. They may be perfect imitations, stone for stone, but they are dead. The life that the original designs expressed is gone from the earth. Another life in which social forces are combined differently and move in a different current requires changed forms of expression. For this reason the Gothic cathedral of today is doubly an anachronism. It attempts to recapture a spirit that belongs to the past and at the same time it pretends to reflect a non-existent spirit of today. This may be said to be true of any form of art which does not breathe with the life forces of its own day. By so stating we are not denying tradition. Quite the contrary.

It is true that our thought is enriched by all that has gone before us. But our thought, however enriched by the past, is kindled into creative flame by the present. The only thing we really possess is the present moment. The only thing we can hand on to the future is the expression of our sense of the present moment. The life of our time is the thing that moves us, the unseen wind that fills our sails.

The artists of our time belong to our time whether they want to or not. They alone can express it. According to the measure of their gifts we will appear to future ages. The Byzantines were great, the Florentines, the Venetians and many others. How did they come by their greatness? Neither by a timid running away from tradition, nor by a timid acceptance of finalities. Different thoughts, conditions, needs were met and interpreted, and in the meeting of the need to interpret new forces or a new alignment of old forces art changes.—F. W.

Leaning against the pillars, & his disease rose from his skirts
 Upon the Precipice he stood: ready to fall into Non-Entity.
 Los was all astonishment & terror: he trembled sitting on the Stone
 Of London: but the interiors of Albions fibres & nerves were hidden
 From Los: astonished he beheld only the petrified surfaces:
 And saw his Furnaces in ruins, for Los is the Demon of the Furnaces:
 He saw also the Four Points of Albion reversed inwards
 He seized his Hammer & Tongs, his iron Poker & his Bellows.
 Upon the valleys of Middlesex, Shouting loud for aid Divine.
 In stern defiance came from Albions bosom, Hand, Hyle, Koban,
 Gwantak, Peachy, Brertyn, Slaid, Hutton, Skafeld, Kock, Kotobe
 Bowen, Albions Sons: they bore him a golden couch into the porch,
 And on the Couch reposd his limbs, trembling from the bloody field.
 Rearing their Druid Patriarchal rocky Temples around his limbs,
 All thing begin & end, in Albions Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.)



William Blake: Proof sheet without illumination. From "Jerusalem," page 32 (1804). Lent to the Blake exhibit at the Philadelphia Museum, February 11 to March 20, by Mr. Lessing Rosenwald

WILLIAM BLAKE AS ARTIST

BY WINSLOW AMES

YOU CAN HARDLY show William Blake too often. The Burlington Fine Arts Club commemorated the centenary of his death with an exhibition in 1927; in 1934 the Philadelphia Museum of Art made an exhibition from the great quantity of his work in the Lessing Rosenwald collection. Meanwhile many Blakes have been added to American collections, public and private, so that even the regret that tempered our pride when, ten years ago, Mrs. Emerson gave back the drawings for Young's *Night Thoughts* to their native land, must now be entirely allayed. We are as rich in Blake as English collectors, perhaps because he has been very much the property of book-people rather than picture-people, and because the gathering of books has in America a longer history than art collecting.

By the same token, much of the artist's finest work has seldom been before the public, precisely because it was shut up in books. We have had the magnificent *Job* engravings before us, and certain paintings and drawings have always been visible or readily available, but we have not had the full gospel, which in the case of so difficult a person as Blake is most necessary. Everyone who has seen one of his "fresco" paintings, which are substantially tempera on gesso, but gesso laid unfortunately on flexible canvas, knows how much his technique has exposed those works to rapid deterioration. Everyone who has seen a considerable number of his finished water color drawings knows how inadequate his drawn outlines usually were to contain the titanic personages of his compositions, and how pale his color washes have often become. His printed pictures, whether or not supplemented by hand illumination, had a head start over his other work, first because they were done in a technique apparently sound and incorruptible, and second because the result has commonly been shut up in those same books and protected from too much light and air. Nonetheless, his books have come out too seldom from the shelves.

The Philadelphia Museum has organized a great new exhibition, based on the Keynes bibliography, and consisting entirely of works owned in this country. In it we shall see, set up on a literary-chronological skeleton, a vast assemblage of Blake's artistic production, especially the marvelous color printing on which he rang so many changes. Ten or more copies of the *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, eight of *The Book of Thel*, six of *America: a Prophecy*, will allow comparisons of his color schemes and a real view of the scope of his invention. So full a picture of Blake as a pictorial artist will help to rescue him from the purely literary clutch.

Despite volumes of "solutions" to the mystery, the poet-prophet remains and will remain (thank God) so far as his total intention is concerned, something of an enigma. With the mechanics of his symbolism we are not occupied, for it is possible in any good library to pursue that philosophical question. What we are interested in is his techniques and his pictorial subject matter, which is essentially Man and Woman, drawn, etched, printed and colored by William Blake in the

image of God and to the never ending glory of God and Man.

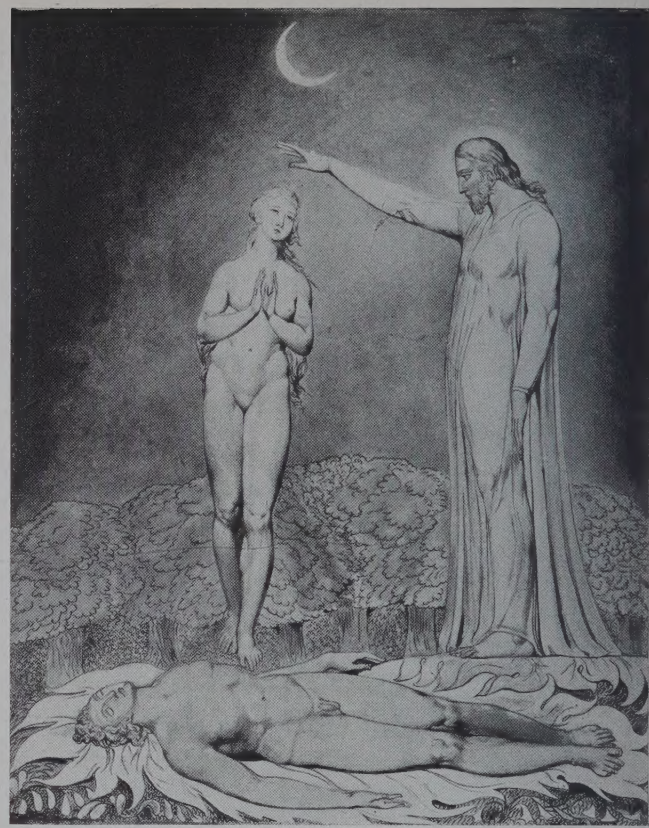
Blake's personages are a special race, based partly on the artist's memory of the drawing school, partly on his knowledge of his own body, and partly on perhaps unconscious observation of the characteristic physiques of the era of the gentleman prize-fighter and the diaphanous high-waisted dress. Blake was observant, and he did get about town a great deal (witness the number of exhibitions he went to with Linnell); one wonders whether he noticed that Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom he condemned, forecast that style of dress long before it became fashionable. In the first respect mentioned above, his figures are reminiscent of the last days before the industrial revolution, when London still had green fields and when it was possible to find a model who might once have had the sun shining on him or her. In the second place, they remind one of the perhaps untrue yet plausible story that Butts told about finding Mr. and Mrs. Blake naked as Adam and Eve in the summerhouse in Lambeth. In the third, they are related not too distantly to the grosser personages of Rowlandson. One sees in them not much influence from Michelangelo, Raphael, Dürer or Giulio Romano, prints by or after whom Blake collected as a youth. Nor is there much more influence of the classic: Blake was as enraptured as anyone by the *Laocoön* or the *Torso Belvedere* (those were the days when if you said "the torso" everyone knew what you meant); but beyond some pseudo-Grecian noses, vacant stares, and an obvious kinship with Flaxman, there is not a great deal of the neo-classic in him.

We know how he hated the artificial poses of the drawing school model, and can guess his impatience when he had finished a drawing and would have liked to do a totally different one, only to find the model frozen. No doubt he broke the rules as often as he could by wandering around. Certainly he acquired a sound knowledge of the body, and he had an extraordinary visual memory, not only for what he saw through his corporeal eye but for what he saw with his spiritual eye. He was, indeed, sometimes under compulsion to set down the latter: witness the occasion when the spectre of *Lais* came between Blake and a vision of *Corinna*, and he "was obliged to draw her to get her away." But the episode of the visionary portraits made for Varley is only a stunt by comparison with his more delayed but circumstantial recordings of the prophets whose company he enjoyed. Without such a fine memory he could not have performed his knowing distortions to the end of his activity, or designed the squatting skeleton compressed into a square, which is one of the most powerful illustrations to *Urizen*. It is to his memory and his fairly consistent symbolism, rather than to any paucity of invention, that we owe his many repetitions. For he did not, like Watteau, use a notebook as a reservoir to be dipped into again and again.

Of some of his favorite designs and figures we shall have more to say. Some, of course, were speciously devised: Gil-

christ in the 'sixties mentioned "Blake's nude figures, in which great sacrifices are made to preserve decorum." From a worldly point of view, there could scarcely be greater "decorum" than Blake's: the pornographer must find it a dreary journey through his pages. His almost invariable anti-realism and his occasional lapses into false modesty are so familiar that we are able the more readily to recognize, in the wonderful drawing of a man and woman in the manuscript once owned by Rossetti, a representation of himself and his wife. This lovely and simple picture of the two standing side by side, made in 1793, is the quietly triumphant record of his rediscovered and now complete love, the labor of attaining which he symbolically described in the *Songs of Experience*. Here are no grandly imagined Adam and Eve, but a man and woman in their imperfection, and at last happy.

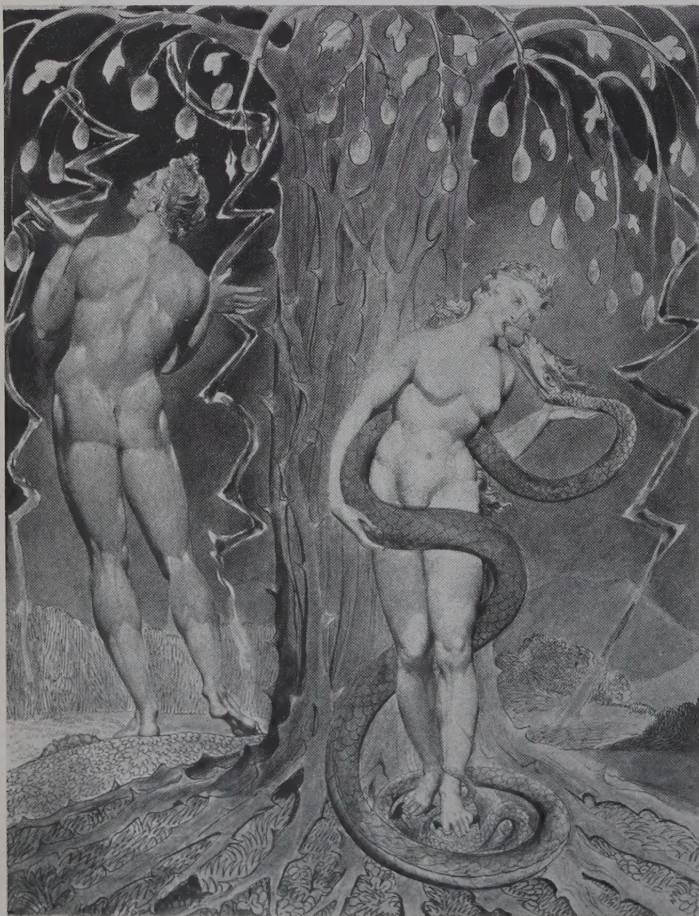
Although there had been even as early as 1780 in *Glad Day* a foretaste of the artist's mature style, it was really after 1793-4 that it flourished in full glory. The earlier prophetic books contain mixtures of the gentler style of illustration used in the *Songs* with miniature samples of the tremendous and terrible style that sweeps from the *Urizen* and *Los* of 1794 to the *Milton* and *Jerusalem* of 1804 and thence to the *Job* of 1825-6.



Two of William Blake's water colors from the series of illustrations to "Paradise Lost" (1808). Lent to the Blake exhibit at the Philadelphia Museum, February 11 to March 20, by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Right: *The Creation of Eve*. Below: *The Temptation of Eve*

The personages of the *Songs* are on the whole late eighteenth-century people with such minor differences of costume as Blake created in the skin-tight "rustic" uniform of the frontispiece to *Songs of Innocence* (1789). The children, though sometimes self-consciously posed, are as a rule really children; we even find baby boys in dresses. Among the adult figures are men in skirted coats, wigs, and *tricorne* hats, and women in caps, tulle scarfs and sashes. The text is rendered in an approximation to contemporary letter-press, not in the running, anti-typographic fashion of the later works, which begins to appear in the last of the *Songs of Experience* along with "prophetic" figures, as in *The Little Vagabond*. Yet *The Fly*, designed even later, still includes a woman cut from the same pattern as the ladies of the illustrations to Mary Wollstonecraft's *Tales for Children* (1791). The crescendo of the philosophical undercurrent of the *Songs*, reaching toward the time when the artist would abandon the lyric for the epic guise, is thus not too evenly or conveniently matched by a precise correspondence in the illustrations. We are the more indebted to Philadelphia for initiating such a real study of his stylistic development as has already been made in the case of his literary style. We hope for a new canon and new criteria.

Blake's mature style is above all the result of his casting in the mold of the divine image what he first called the human form divine. Though he quarreled with Nature, he could not altogether imagine the natural out of that form, nor draw a man or woman so distant from reality as some of his latter-day invented foliage. (This, I suppose, for the same reason for which there are so few experiments in abstract sculpture.) Blake has been criticized for making free with the body: but why not? He knew it well, if not with the medical anatomist's knowledge.



William Blake: *Christ Appearing to the Apostles after the Resurrection*. Painting in tempera on a gesso-covered canvas. Lent to the Blake exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art by the Yale Fine Arts Gallery



His anatomy is somewhat that of the *écorché*, well covered, but with the musculature still prominent and divided into ogive-shaped areas to make a flame-like pattern (his beards have the same flaming character). Blake had a passion for emphasizing parts of the body especially susceptible to this treatment: the sole of the foot, the back of the calf, and of course notably the thorax. From this passion springs, too, his insistence on the articulation of the ankle, knee, wrist and neck. His legs are constantly turned out to display the long diagonal divisions of the inner thigh; his feet are strangely broad, flat, and low in the instep, suggesting always the very low-heeled slipper of the period. It was, by the way, almost the only period between the early sixteenth century and the twentieth when both male and female costume worked rather as *montre-sexe* than *cache-sexe*. Women were liberated during the whole generation of the French Revolution and Empire from tight lacing; breasts and hips (one may learn as well from Rowlandson as from Blake) were in evidence. Men's full-skirted coats had been cut back to tails and the long waistcoat had shrunk, while the cod-piece, though in its last and least prominent phase, still existed. The tax on hair-powder of 1795 presently gave an added spur to naturalness. Besides revealing the body, the costume of the time tended to concentrate attention at the top, what with cross-sashes or low square necks and huge hats for women, and shirt-frills and high coat-collars for men. This tendency is perhaps also reflected in the chests and stance of Blake's personages, who have a very deep pectoral arch and whose shoulders are thrown far back.

In scale, the canon of the mature Blake is gigantic but elastic: in such compositions as *The Babylonian Woman Riding on the Seven-Headed Beast*, the tiniest figures have the same proportions as the vastest. Likewise, his children put off the

childlike. He said in the *Descriptive Catalogue*, 1809: "The face and limbs that deviate or alter least from infancy to old age are the face and limbs of the greatest beauty and perfection." Hence, too, his magnificently preserved elders and sages.

The artist complained to Samuel Palmer of some of his admired Dürer's draperies as being "not governed by the form of the limbs, nor assisting to express their action; contrasting them in this respect with the draped antique." Even Blake's armor (as in *Richard III and the Ghosts of his Victims* or *David and Goliath*) is skin-tight, and the scales with which he sometimes partly covered Satan are no more covering than those strange draperies of his which appear and disappear, and are sometimes nothing but lines at the neck and wrists. One of the few places where he is at all specific about costume is in the *Comus* pictures, where, influenced by the stage directions, he introduces a smock for the Attendant Spirit and actually indicates buttons on the tight garments of the young brothers. Otherwise his draperies are hardly that, except in the case of dead bodies and standing prophets or the Almighty, who are uniformly covered, upright or recumbent, with straight folds (this must be the influence of the effigies in Westminster Abbey, which he drew as an apprentice).

Among constantly repeated figures one notices especially the standing nude with outstretched arms or with elbows close to the body and hands spread wide as in the ritual priestly gesture: such attitudes further emphasize the shoulders and deep chest. Or the man rising from a crouch, one knee drawn up before him, which is best known in *Death's Door*; or the twisted, half-recumbent woman who looks over her shoulder; or the woman who sways in a single long curve, her arms above her head; or (perhaps Blake's greatest favorite) the figure which, seen from front or back, plunges up or down with

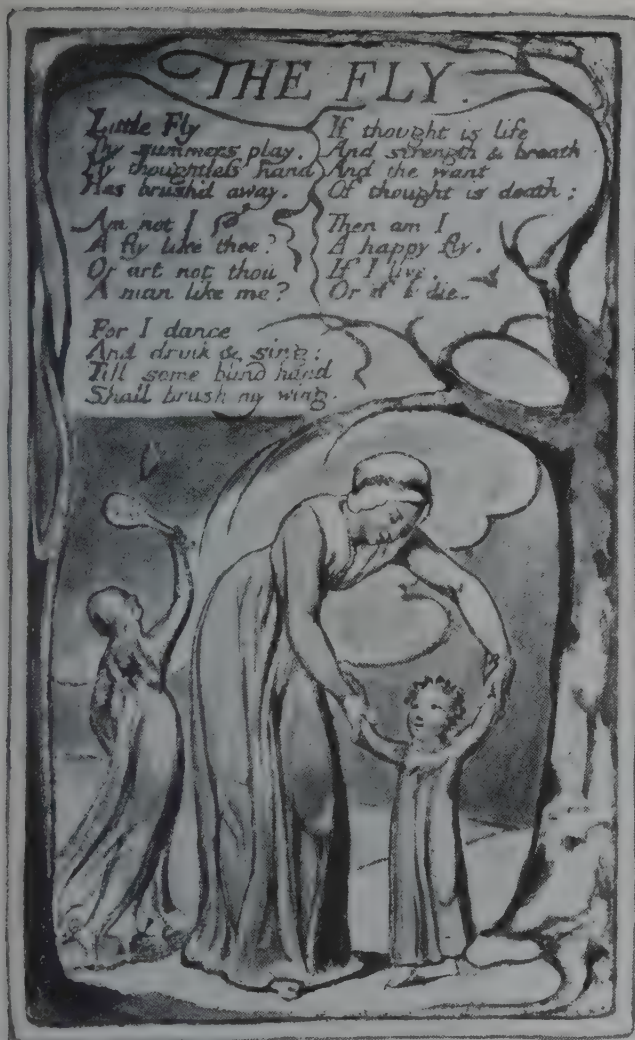


one leg curving behind him and the other bent back at the knee, with the sole of the foot made prominent.

For all the dull Neo-Classicism of some of Blake's faces, these are exciting and baroque attitudes, which are seen at their best in the strong outlines and rich color of his illuminated books. There are great glories in his ruined paintings and in such water colors as the *Paradise Lost* series, but they sometimes contain the bad features of Flaxman's thin sterile boundary lines or a sort of Byronic Grecomania, without

William Blake: Los, as a Flaming Sun Descending on Blake. Illuminated printing from "Milton," page 21 (1804). Lent anonymously to the Blake exhibit at the Philadelphia Museum

much color to help them. For Blake triumphed best over his bad early training when he had most to labor: what is fine in a polished drawing tinted with water color is with him likely to turn out finer in an impression from one of his etched and relief-printed plates, colored by his own version of the decalcomania, monotype, or offset process, and enriched with gold.



Above: William Blake: *The Fly*. From "*Songs of Experience*" (1794). Illuminated printing. Right: William Blake: water color drawing for an engraved illustration to Mary Wollstonecraft's "*Tales for Children*," (1791). Lent to the Blake Exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art by Mr. A. Edward Newton



This is not to deny the beauty of his line drawings or of the *Job* and *Dante* engravings in which at the end of his life he overcame the nasty engraving technique he had learned at the beginning. Whereas the early engravings follow the dreariest bank-note formulas, the latest are truly homogeneous in the use of an eloquent line; where they depart from line, a strictly limited repertory of engravers' devices is used; and in such areas as grassy ground or billowing woolly sheep, Blake adapted to engraving the crumbly, dotted texture that he had gotten in color-printing from certain of his offsets.

In the *Job* and *Dante* we find his large scale pushed to the limit: in some of these plates he developed an earlier and effective device in which his unit of design was not one human body but a whole group surrounded by a simple enclosing shape, as in the flight of angels in plate 5 of *Job* or the controlled tornado of figures at the beginning of the *Dante* illustrations. The principle of the firm boundary is carried into the woodcuts for the first *Eclogue* of Virgil, where the strong white line has that same unlearned but powerful quality that we see in the technically deficient engravings of Mantegna.

One could wish to have in the exhibition the unique engraving of the *Laocoön*, inscribed "Art can never exist without naked beauty displayed," or the three copies in American ownership of *Milton*, of which there are but four in all. But the former Windus copy, which will be shown, is the one of which Sloss and Wallis (in *Prophetic Writings of William Blake*, Oxford, 1926) said: "The fourth copy [watermarked 1815] we are inclined to regard as primarily a work of art. By 1815 Blake had outgrown the position defined in *Milton*, and was content that the text in this fourth copy should be subordinated to the splendors of its colored and gilded page." Splendors they are: for absolute magnificence it would be hard to beat the design and color of *Los, as a Flaming Sun*. And why should not Blake have colored and gilded as he pleased? For as he himself, in a letter to his patron Butts (January 10, 1802), wrote: "For that I cannot live without doing my duty to lay up treasures in heaven is certain and determined."



HEINZ WARNEKE: THE PRODIGAL SON. GRANITE. INCLUDED IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, NEW YORK

'66 FIRST AND LAST A SCULPTOR'99

BY HEINZ WARNEKE

MY FIRST MEMORIES are concerned with a low brick house in the province of Hanover. My father was Freight Manager for northeastern Germany, so, though we did not live on a farm, but in the midst of a great farming district, our home had its *Diele*, a spacious sort of hay-loft and wagon space under the same roof as the house proper, an arrangement typical of that section. On our door was, and still is, a brass plate with the name Heinrich Warneke. The name has been there for generations. My first steps out this door took me into my mother's garden, neat, and at the same time gay with its brick walks and carefully tended flower beds. My mother, a small energetic woman, still keeps the garden blooming, with true German ardor for flowers.

Over, or rather through the garden fence, I looked as a little child out upon a bright green plain, extending beyond eyesight—the river basin of the Weser with land black and fertile like that of the Nile regions. By the time I was old enough to wander outside the garden gates without causing my elders anxiety there was a brother in our house, and after a few years a third son. To be truthful, these events did not interest me overmuch and I scarcely ever played with them as we grew up. They played with the other children of the countryside and I lived alone all day, following my own pursuits which I felt to be very urgent. In reality I was not alone, for I was walking about in the midst of the goats, the geese, the colts, in the farmyards, sitting close to the nesting birds in the hedgerows along the brooks, and following intently the small wild things in the woods and marshes. The warm afternoons found me lying in the shade of some willow by our brook, watching the clouds pile up beyond the Weser. In them I saw bigger, wilder horses, dogs changing into fierce lions or dragons, and the faces of men laughing like jolly farmers or frowning in menace, and all of them seemed gigantic, animated sculptures.

There is no recollection in my mind of having been lonely, though I was certainly shy. My first days at the village school were happy in the circumstance of a very gentle and sympathetic schoolmaster. It was the custom to soften the first school day of the little six-year-olds by a present of candy or cookies. In my case the schoolmaster had suggested to my father that he send a box of paints. It was a grown-up box of the best quality and anyone can imagine my wonder and desperate attachment to them. By that time I had already formed the habit of drawing and crayoning the pictures of my daily companions—the chickens, colts and field-mice. My very first drawing I can remember distinctly—my model was a nice fat, bright orange carrot.

My schooldays continued in the same even, happy tenor. I was tormented with arithmetic, grammar, and all those essentials to the least possible extent. My teacher never heard of progressive education, but he didn't need to, and as long ago as that there was at least one child who acquired his education painlessly—for I *can* read, write and count. However, I must say that he, the schoolmaster, never saw me idle. In

fact, no one ever dreamed of being idle in the province of Hanover—it was, and remains today, a land of industrious people.

As a rule I spent my vacations near Syke at my grandfather's, which was a summer hotel with streams, fields and forests, bordering the state hunting preserves. My brothers and cousins were there too, mostly boys whose games of torturing frogs and what-not filled me with amazement and misery. At home we had woods, but at Syke there were real forests full of wild animals. Every morning I was up early to see the deer venture out of the dark shadows. First my searching eyes were aware of a movement among the dim tree trunks—it always took a few seconds to locate it—the antlered head of a large buck. Then suddenly they came leaping the barrier into my grandfather's uplands; each company headed by its buck, then the does and fawns, leaping, leaping, leaping in scarcely rounded silhouette against the soft light of the paling sky. There were also the more fearsome wild boars. How they got out I can't recall, but it was to a young boy an even greater thrill to see those hideous beasts surge forth and attack a field of nicely growing potatoes or root vegetables for all the world like a company of tractor plows. In spite of my grandfather's consternation, I was always elated when a morning's watch was rewarded by the sight of wild boars—I, of course, being all the time carefully hidden in one of the outlying barns. So, through the vacations of my childhood and youth, I returned home each year with a great sheaf of drawings and modeled sketches, mostly of deer and wild boars. It was actually at Syke that sculpture first took hold of me.

There was a brick factory not far away and the small trains bringing the clay to the kilns naturally spilled off many a chunk along the tracks. These chunks furnished my first modelling material. In the parlor cabinet in Hanover is my first sculpture—a hen hovering over her chickens—made from the forbidden clay. I passed the brickyard only a few weeks ago and could still feel a twinge of conscience for I had been strictly forbidden by my grandparents to go near it. There was actual danger for a small boy because of the deep dug-out places that had filled with brackish water.

During these early years I had certain more mundane hours when I went to the nearby city of Bremen with my mother and usually my next younger brother. This happened four or five times a year and my mother soon discovered that I was infatuated with the sights to be seen in the very excellent Colonial Museum right by the station. She was glad enough to be relieved of one of her charges, for she had countless household errands and many relatives to visit, so, from the time I was five years old, I was left in the museum, and even today I can hardly get by its doors. The guards all knew me and I'm sure any uneasiness on their part must soon have been overcome, for I was a biddable child and anyhow was too intent in my inspections to think of touching anything as I drifted about hour after hour. There were very finely presented scenes of



COURTESY MILCH GALLERIES

HEINZ WARNEKE: HISSING GEESE. CARVED BRASS

colonial tribal life, and the implements and their daily uses as set forth in these tableaux fascinated me, but in the end it was the African wood sculpture that held my attention. The simple naive carving of a bird or an ox—what was the secret of so much expressiveness? Without formulating a definite answer I must have understood, for as soon as I was home again and out of my city clothes I would dash out to stare even more piercingly at the neighbor's pigs, geese and horses. Then I would pick up a piece of pear or apple wood on the way home and go to work with my pocket-knife, sitting on the doorstep.

As I look back and search for the essence of those formative years, I find outward tranquility and inward feverishness. It seemed to me that I could not see enough, that my eyes were always boring into things—and there were so many things.

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AT THE AGE of sixteen came the first break from this happy setting. My unhampered wanderings in fields and woods were over. I now went daily to Bremen to study at the city art school. No one ever thought of any other possible future for me except that of an artist. It was a congenial prospect, of course, and I worked hard, only coming home late at night, often midnight, and leaving again at six. It was almost impossible for me to notice anything, so absorbing were my first real art lessons. Yet I do remember some Polish laboring squads. There was a transatlantic shipping company near the railroad station and here, as I passed to school each day, I saw

the groups of Poles collected together before their going off to America, the land of release from their drudgery. I often wondered if emigration were not a much too active word. These dumb, dogged men and their trail of pregnant women and clinging children—it was a sight I shall never forget. My heart awoke to a sense of pain—yet as if for creatures scarcely human, and in tragic contrast I often recalled the silhouette of the deer against the skyline at Syke—the male leaping free and bold followed by his women-folk and his young.

But mostly I kept this to myself. I scarcely seemed to exist and was quite unaware of where, when and how I slept or ate. The first person to pierce my reserve, or shell of unawareness, I might say, was Professor Charles Blossfeldt with whom I began to study two years later in Berlin. He is known for his book *Die Pflanze*, and it was while he was collecting material for it that I made his acquaintance. In fact, our relationship soon changed from teacher-student to that of fellow enthusiasts as I went along to help him on many country excursions in this most congenial search for plant material. He gained my affection and admiration as he made me peer through his ever present magnifying glass whereby he changed tiny details of plant life to motifs for iron grillwork, stone pillars, or even skyscrapers. This was many years ago, but sculpture under his encouragement became for me for the first time a search for more than faithful representation.

I also studied with Professor Maximilian Shafer, a very sympathetic teacher who knew how to make the study of anatomy anything but dry. His theory was to stress the function of bones, joints and muscles—a study of action and strain with live models for demonstration. For years I worked as well with Professor Haverkamp, a thorough, strictly academic teacher of portraiture and figure work—severe training, but I am convinced with no harm done. From Professor Wackerle, on the other hand, I learned the decorative approach to art, and especially the technique of wood and stone carving. These are the men to whom I owe the most. There were the other usual courses, such as ceramics, history of art. Our vacations were to be used, and mine were so used, in practical application of our studies—explicitly, in carving stone or wood in a master sculptor's studio or a shop where actual commissions were in process of execution. Thus we came out of school with a great deal more than mere theories. As it happened, when I went to Berlin I was entered in classes far in advance of my age and preparation. It meant that I must exert terrific pressure to keep up and also that I grew up among men and women much older than myself. I never went out except to be in the country and had few moments of diversion, though I enjoyed my fellow students in general—particularly those who would join me in country hikes or skating.

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THEN CAME the World War to interrupt this pattern of study and in the end to waste four very valuable years. I think we were stunned by the suddenness with which we young men were all sent for, examined, and placed in regiments, for I can't seem to remember any of my sensations at this critical moment. Fortunately for me, before I had to go into active service I was appointed by the War Ministry to go to Buchar-

and serve on the staff in charge of War Memorials. It was a wonderful lesson in how to loaf. In looking out of my window I learned a great deal about humanity. As time went on and finally the years went by, and I was associated with the same men and officers, I came to know a side of human nature that I had passed by before in my intense interest in looking at life as an artist. The average man and the motives that actuate him still are not of particular interest to me, but, at least I know from these years of what stuff such men are made and that, perhaps, is not wasted knowledge. Then, too, my work took me out among the gypsies and to remote villages of those wild natives where I encountered such barbarous human beings and such a primitive approach to the problems of life that I can scarcely believe in the actuality of scenes that I saw myself.

Then came my return to Berlin at the end of the war after a curious escape through the mountains that lasted six weeks and was punctuated by attacks by bandits, train wrecks, and quite primitive scenes on our own part in order to avoid starvation. It seems as if all that had happened to someone else. In Berlin a master's studio awaited me at the Kunstgewerbe Museum. And it might be well to explain what a studio implied. It would correspond to a laboratory at the disposal of a man working for an M. A. or Ph. D. The classroom study was over and the graduate student was to experiment, which usually meant the search for an individual style—realistic or abstract, long, attenuated women and well-rounded, substantial ladies and so on. It is a wonderful freedom. The search for my own style led me steadily toward simplification and during this happy period I had time to devote away in both wood and brass. It didn't last long. The

inflation came to render life intolerable. A statue would not sell and the next day cost a sandwich or maybe an egg. If one could find the sandwich or the egg. There was never anything left with which to buy material for the next statue.

ONE DAY SOMETIME it was two months, I began to pack my things and make arrangements to emigrate to the United States as quickly as possible.

This was in 1913 and since my family had friends in St. Louis I went there where I should not be entered among strangers. They were sympathetic and did everything to help me, yet it was a start business. However, I had come with determination even street-cleaning had entered my mind as a possibility and I assure you, that would have been acceptable for in an undertaking of this sort there is no turning back. Happily, I had no such taxing experience and in a few days I found work as sculptor for an artificial stone company. Street-cleaning was avoided but as time went on it was discouraging to find myself so often obliged to take commercial jobs. Also, commissions for portrait busts were done for patrons who had in many cases never heard of modern art. Those who had heard of it regarded it generally as a sort of obscenity. It was frequently a choice between shelter and food on one hand and my sense of the decorative and the significant on the other. I began to wish I could develop an insurance about rent and electricity bills. My years of thorough academic study with Professor Haeckel were at this time very useful. A few persons were appreciative of my own individual style but the general taste in St. Louis began to exercise an insidious influence. I was financially successful but grew dissatisfied with my own work.



HUNT WARRIOR
DEER STATUE
CARRIED BRASS

It was necessary to take another step in the dark and, encouraged by my future wife, I decided to move to New York. To have the agony of uncertainty over with as quickly as possible, I arranged for my first one-man show in America. It was at the Milch Galleries and I felt that upon it hung my fate as an artist. If New York did not like my carved wood and brasses then the game was up as far as my own soul was concerned. I was in process of becoming an American citizen and all my hopes were centered here. Fortunately, the results were gratifying and with what I had earned in St. Louis as the substance and the appreciation of the New York public as a stimulus, I was able once again to devote a few years to my own work in my own way. This could be most conveniently accomplished in Paris where plaster-casters, foundries and wood merchants are just around the corner in the two artists' quarters; so we began to spend several months of each year in Paris (by this time it was "we").

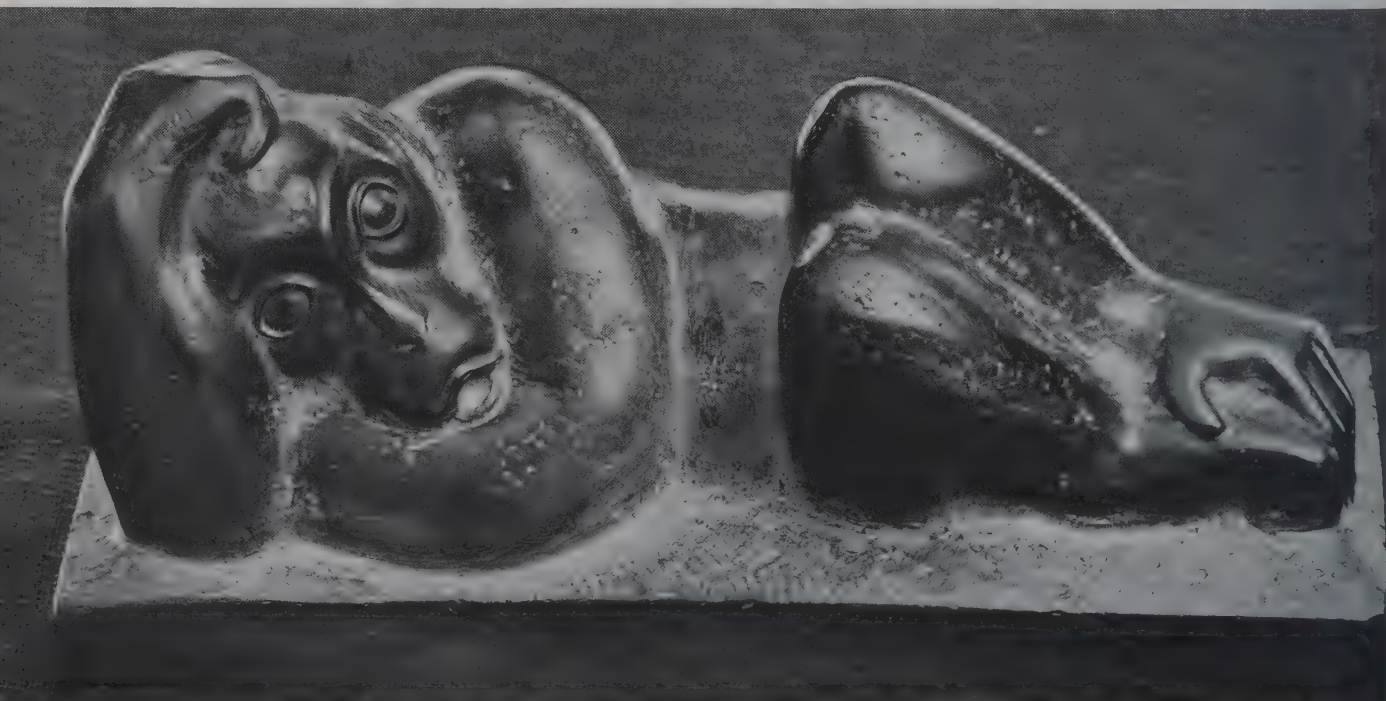
Some of my best work was the outcome—a pensive *Monkey* in limestone, *The Hissing Geese* in the brass medium that I enjoy so much, the *Three Percheron Colts*, a regular series of cats including *Tom Cat* in black marble, inspired by the toughest alley cat in all Paris and *Mother Cat and Kittens*, and, finally, *The Wild Boars*. The *Tom Cat* gave me a lot of fun—I could easily have pictured him in corduroy trousers with a dirty wool scarf around his neck and a cap pulled down over one eye—but *The Wild Boars* I consider the best realized. This piece of work has given me real satisfaction and that's a lot. The observations of my boyhood during the visits to my grandfather's at Syke had taken shape and substance. The position I chose was dictated a bit by the material, for I wanted to work in Belgian granite; but it also represents a moment that I had as a boy always found most breathless. As I worked I could see this pair sitting in the dark of the forest edge listening and sniffing before the charge into the open fields.



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY MILCH GALLERIES

HEINZ WARNEKE: MOTHER CAT AND KITTENS. BELGIAN GRANITE

Another piece that I'm quite devoted to is my *Orang-Outang Thinking*, called Lon by the family, i.e., "League of Nations." I also started Lon in Paris but couldn't finish him till a few years later. The depression came. The cobblestones of la rue de Chatillon and the heart of our landlord suddenly impressed us with their unresponsiveness, so in 1932 we packed all the dreadful sculptor's accumulation and gave up the studio in Paris. Among the unfinished pieces that I shipped home was a granite group that has taken most of my spare time in the



HEINZ WARNEKE: ORANG-OUTANG THINKING. BELGIAN MARBLE

summer months since. I call it *The Prodigal Son*. Granite is a slow material, but most rewarding of all.

SINCE 1932, when we left Paris entirely, we have lived in a section of Connecticut bordering the Connecticut River. It is remote and wild, and so within my financial reach. Here I have a small studio but I have not yet entirely escaped from cobblestones for, up till now, it has seemed advisable to do most of my work in New York City and there again are the very cobblestones of Paris, in Washington Mews. While I was working at something one day about two years ago a letter came from Washington in a vague way asking if I shouldn't like to do something for New York. I immediately saw myself given free rein with a lifelong endowment to carve out another cathedral of Chartres right in the middle of New York City. It turned out to be The Harlem Housing Project which needed some sculpture and a supervisor for the work, or so the Government kindly decided. Under the Treasury Relief Art Project a congenial group of sculptors spent somewhat more than a year in my studio producing what we felt to be embellishment for the apartments of the colored families who were to be lucky enough to live there. However, it was not only these colored people who benefited by the T. R. A. P. activity, for the sculptors were all men who had come to a financial dead end and, of course, a profound discouragement. To find sculpture suddenly a factor in rehabilitation, to realize that our existence, not only as men, but as part of civilized life, was of consequence—that was the thing. The very faces of my new friends changed as the work progressed and we have gone on steadily from there.

As soon as my bas-relief for the Interior Building is cast in stone and in place in Washington I shall be free to work more steadily out in the country where I love to be. Here I find myself once again among forests and hunting preserves full of deer and other game, though our pigs are decidedly tame ones. There are fruit trees too—apple, peach, and even plum, albeit with a measly yield. Yet at dusk I hear the woodcocks singing above the marsh, more melodious than the plovers of my boyhood, and I wander on my own acres among the gentle hills of the Connecticut River valley, far more beautiful than the plains of the Weser, lush as they were. Our house is old, full of the sense of human life, and I am easily at home though none of my forefathers has lived in it before me. There are dogs and a changing population of farm animals—some we have *eaten*. Here it was that while acting as midwife to one of our Jerseys I had the impulse to make a wood-carving of the newborn calf. I rushed across the road to where I had noticed a huge fallen chestnut. I hacked out a good sized piece of the trunk and with the same axe chopped out the likeness of the young creature. As I started the work beside the barn under a tree the calf moved about in the straw seeking greater comfort. The unaccustomed air in his nostrils was too cool (where he had come from a few minutes previously there had been no chilly air). He shoved his nose under a hind leg and so I did him.

I AM ASKED for my "philosophy of art" and that granite statue makes clear to me one idea that I have on the subject, namely,

that a law to the effect that every statue must be carved from granite only and by the sculptor himself, "taille directe," would have a marvelous effect on the quantity and quality of our American sculpture. What a relief could be expected from mannered and boresome detail! In other words, my personal inclination is toward the quiet, the simple and the direct statement. But by all means, a statement, and if possible one dear to the heart or mind of the artist. Sculpture that resolves itself into a mere brilliant assemblage of rhythms and planes is entertaining for a moment—certainly not longer to me. I am speaking of my own taste throughout and I leave room for other manners and other interests for other men. So again, for me, to obtain a real work of art the *sine qua non* is an inner impulse. A work of art should be the result of an artist's own intense interest, something which he receives or perceives through his senses, develops in his own mind and heart during a real gestation period, usually of years, until the conception is ready for birth—all of which is by no means a new idea.



COURTESY MILCH GALLERY

HEINZ WARNEKE: REARING STALLION. EBONY



HEINZ WARNEKE: NEW-BORN CALF. CHESTNUT

COURTESY MILCH GALLERIES

This is where the question of commissions comes in, and "sculpture is the handmaiden of architecture." At the present moment all I can say is, "Happy is the sculptor whose commissions can be executed out of the fabric of his own life, and that I admire the simplicity of American architecture immensely, even if it cannot use sculpture very well." Another time and when I'm a bit older I may have more to say. However, I know this, that I am first and last a sculptor and shall never enjoy any sculpture that is obviously not personal in some way to the man who made it. There are many, too many, excellent sculptors' libraries in the homes of my fellow artists; but perhaps if I were more prosperous I'd own more of a one myself!

The younger sculptors are not so guilty on this score: their work is therefore less dry. My philosophy of art is likely to become a classroom lecture, yet I must say that I wish the young men and women were not in quite such a hurry to exhibit, suggesting thereby that they feel themselves a finished product, as it were. They do not study long enough nor thoroughly enough to learn how to say what they have to say. The interest in all these internal impulses and fervors is at the expense of a great deal of technic, and the result is a sort of boomerang misfortune. I am reminded of my student days in Bremen when it was not considered by the professors beside the point for me to have a thorough training in practical silver work. I was entered as apprentice in a factory in Hemelingen working till four in the afternoon, then I went to the art

classes from five to seven and, after a sandwich, from seven to nine. So, while I learned to paint and sculpt, I also was taught at the silver factory how to design everything that anybody ever saw made of silver, then to make the models and piece-molds for these articles, how to cast different metals in sand, how to finish the model so that it could be used for endless reproductions, and so on—just a convenient sideline. It is perhaps a case of German thoroughness that runs into exaggeration, but at the end of it I was in no doubt about one thing: that it takes time and much training to master an artisan's trade—much less an art. So, I do believe emphatically in the advantage of plenty of knowledge on the part of the artist. That is where the older men are ahead and if such a man's work is sincere, even though detailed and realistic, I can enjoy it more than an ignorantly done, showy piece of modernism. After all, most modern sculpture consists in the elimination or softening down of subordinate detail, an accent upon the telling detail or main idea—if there is any. To do this you have to know a lot about the whole before you can successfully begin to discard parts. As a rule there has not been enough study of animals and men as they live—in youth, in old age, in joy, in sorrow—and far from enough observation of the effect that these things have on anatomy. To know and to put the stress on the telling muscles, or joints, or whole portion of the anatomy, is the secret of the talent to put life into one's work. This is what interests me personally—and this is enough of one man's ideas.

THE COMPETITION FOR THE SMITHSONIAN GALLERY OF ART

AN ARCHITECTURAL COMPETITION of the utmost significance is announced by the Smithsonian Gallery of Art Commission. The competition is authorized by a joint resolution of the Seventy-fifth Congress, and is to secure an appropriate design for "a suitable building for properly housing and displaying the national collections of fine arts and . . . to exhibit the works of artists worthy of recognition."

The MAGAZINE OF ART believes the proposed Smithsonian Gallery competition may well have an immense awakening influence on Federal architecture in particular, and on private architecture also. It has already been proved by the Treasury Section of Fine Arts that open competitions conducted in a democratic and impartial manner have had a most healthy effect on the recent development of American painting and sculpture, and the idea for the present architectural competition originated in the Section of Fine Arts. That open architectural competitions will breathe new life into our architecture is generally agreed by those architects who have the life to give it.

On the other hand, the settled gentlemen who have been well fed by past favors and by their intimate knowledge of the ways and the by-ways that lead to job getting, are pretty well agreed that open competitions would undoubtedly bring out into greater public attention a powerful rivalry, which they do not cherish. It has proved to be the case that competitions in painting and sculpture have brought to the decoration of our Federal buildings far stronger talents than those men and women who won their commissions through favoritism. Also, while those offices which are equipped with experienced business getters and whose designs are created by anonymous assistants quite naturally may protest both individually and collectively, men of freer aspiration will applaud this competition.

Members of the Smithsonian Gallery of Art Commission are C. G. Abbot, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; Edward Bruce, Chief of the Section of Fine Arts in the Treasury Department; Frederic A. Delano, Chairman of the National Capital Park and Planning (Chairman); Gilmore D. Clarke, Chairman of the Commission of Fine Arts; Hon. Alben W. Barkley, Chairman of the Joint Committee on the Library, United States Senate; Hon. Kent E. Keller, Chairman of the Committee on the Library, House of Representatives; and C. L. Boric, Chairman of the Smithsonian Art Commission.

Since this competition is a strong challenge to the methods of favoritism, since it is the best means to secure architecture expressive of the democratic spirit, we are particularly glad that the Commission should have chosen such an able and broad-minded jury. Its members are Frederic A. Delano; John A. Holabird, Architect, Chicago, Illinois; Walter Gropius, Architect, Cambridge, Massachusetts; George Howe, Archi-

tect, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and Henry R. Shepley, Architect, Boston, Massachusetts.

The competition will be held in two stages: (1) a preliminary open competition, and (2) a final limited competition. The following dates are important: March 1, by which time notice of intention to participate in the preliminary competition must be sent to the Professional Adviser; April 29, last day for submission of drawings for the preliminary competition; May 9-11, jury meetings for the preliminary competition; June 21, last day for submission of drawings for the final competition. The program was prepared and the competition will be conducted by Joseph Hudnut, Professor of Architecture in Harvard University. He has been assisted by Thomas Mabry, Executive Director of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Dean Hudnut is Professional Adviser and Mr. Mabry Technical Adviser of the Commission.

The program contains, in Part II, an account of the general objectives of the new Smithsonian Gallery of Art. This account we reprint in full; we also reprint all of Part III, which covers in considerable detail the requirements of the building. The more important facts of Parts I and IV are contained in this introduction. The complete program, essential to every participant, may be had, free of charge, by addressing Joseph Hudnut, Graduate School of Design, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

PART II

GENERAL OBJECTIVES OF THE NEW SMITHSONIAN GALLERY OF ART

1. THE ARTS AND GOVERNMENT

Wherever the arts have flourished they have been sustained by public authority. The paintings of Michael Angelo and of Raphael, for example, would never have been created without the patronage of the Papacy; the gothic cathedrals cannot be imagined separate from the gothic commune; and the art of the Parthenon was a direct charge on the treasury of Athens.

If the arts are to flourish in democracies they must obviously find their support in a collective recognition of their value to the life of the nation as a whole; and it would seem reasonable to suppose that this recognition might be translated into action through collective agencies. Our history since the Great War has somewhat outmoded the notion that our Government exists merely to maintain order or to act as umpire among conflicting economic forces; and if the national welfare is indeed the chief concern—or even an important concern—of the Government, how can we fail to encourage through legislative and administrative processes the spiritual mission of the arts?

2. RECENT EVENTS IN THE UNITED STATES

Recently in the United States a recognition of this respon-

sibility of Government has been rapidly gaining currency. The art projects of the Works Progress Administration for example—although this may be interpreted as a relief agency without other reference—has afforded American artists unprecedented opportunities. For the decoration of the many new Government buildings, especially in Washington, the National Government for almost the first time employed artists who have created works of distinction. The acceptance of the splendid gifts of Charles L. Freer and, more recently, that of Andrew W. Mellon and the erection of the National Gallery of Art, although this will be devoted exclusively to the art of bygone days, are still further evidence of that growing interest in the arts which presages a new relationship between the artist and the Government, as are also the establishment of the Public Works of Art Projects and, more recently, the permanent Section of Fine Arts in the Treasury Department.

3. HISTORY OF THE SMITHSONIAN GALLERY OF ART

In 1829 James Smithson, an English scientist, without having ever visited this country, bequeathed his entire fortune [\$550,000] to the United States "to found at Washington under the name of the Smithsonian Institution an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The bequest became available in 1835. In 1846, after many debates in respect to its acceptance, Congress voted to set up a private foundation under Government trust to be administered by a Board of Regents and a secretary to be known as the Smithsonian Institution and to entrust to this foundation the administration of the Smithson bequest. The act of 1846 provided for the formation of a museum, a gallery of art, and a library. There was erected from private funds the original building, finished in 1852. A museum building was erected by the Government in 1881, another in 1909. The collections of Charles L. Freer are housed in a gallery erected by private funds and finished in 1921.

Four buildings have been constructed. The first of these, The Smithsonian Building, a picturesque mass of reddish-brown sandstone located on the south side of the Mall, is the work of James Renwick and is one of the earliest buildings in this country built in the manner of the gothic revival. The second, the Arts and Industry Building, was built of brick under a small congressional appropriation and located on the south side of the Mall adjacent to the earlier building. It is to be demolished when more adequate quarters become available. The third is the Natural History Building, a massive domed structure, located directly across the Mall from the Smithsonian Building, and is in the tradition of the Beaux Arts of Paris. The Natural History Building is the first building to be built on the north side of the Mall in conformity with the revised plan of Washington adopted in 1901. The fourth, the Freer Gallery of Art, was completed for occupancy in 1921.

Up to this century the "gallery of art" made little progress. By court decision in 1906 the National Art Gallery was established by the United States at the Smithsonian Institution. Since then this collection has been enlarged from time to time by noteworthy bequests, among them the Harriet Lane Johnson collection, the Gellatly collection including paintings by Albert Pinkham Ryder, the William P. Evans collections of

paintings by American artists, the Ralph Cross Johnson collection which includes paintings by Guardi, Rubens, Hogarth and the eighteenth century English painters, and the Pell collection of ceramics, jewelry, national portraits, etc. The collection as a whole forms a group of works of art which will, it is hoped, become the nucleus for a much larger and more useful museum, the new Smithsonian Gallery of Art. The collection is at present inadequately housed in cramped quarters in the Natural History Building which was designed for a different purpose.

4. PROGRAM OF THE NEW SMITHSONIAN GALLERY OF ART

The importance of the new museum will arise from the potentialities of a unique service in the cause of American art that are inherent in its program of activities rather than from the value of the present Smithsonian collections, important though they are.

The new Gallery is conceived as a means by which the national will for the encouragement of the visual arts may, in collaboration with the Section of Fine Arts in the Treasury and the trustees of the Mellon bequest, find effective expression. A new building is urgently needed, therefore, not only for a more adequate display of the present collections, but also to provide for an expanding program of services to the country at large.

The new Gallery is conceived as a dynamic rather than static museum of art. Reconstituted as an active, influencing agency, it will use its present collection and encourage further gifts in an effort to stimulate the creation of works of art of distinction and to elevate and sustain the public appreciation of these works throughout the country. It will, it is hoped, be provided with an income adequate to purchase annually many works of art with which it will increase its permanent collection and from which it will organize continually changing exhibitions.

No less important than its functions as a repository will be the extension of its resources to benefit all regions of the country. The works of art in its possession will become available through traveling exhibitions to people throughout the United States. It will plan an integrated program which will be educational in the broadest sense. It will not only circulate large exhibitions to other museums but it is hoped to also furnish schools, community groups, and local "centers" with a wide variety of material in connection with contemporary painting, sculpture, architecture, graphic arts, photography, and industrial arts. It will bring out if funds are available publications on those subjects, both of a popular and of a scholarly nature. It will publish guides, color reproductions, pamphlets, and educational handbooks.

It will consider its province to be the cultural life of the community all over the United States and it will consider its obligation to be the encouragement of a high standard of quality among artists in the fields of both fine and practical arts. Above all it will be its purpose to strive, through a recognition of all that is essentially indigenous in the work of our artists, to stimulate a confidence in American creative capacity and to restore to American art a more dynamic and healthy relationship to the life of the community.

Thus the essential problem of the Gallery is one of movement. Adequate storage facilities, adequate work areas, well-

lighted galleries, and efficient physical organization must be guaranteed to secure the maintenance of the permanent collections and the flow of material in and out. The Gallery is conceived as a national clearing house for the visual arts. In this capacity it must achieve maximum flexibility and freedom of extension.

PART III

REQUIREMENTS OF THE BUILDING

1. GENERAL REQUIREMENTS

The principles to be observed in the organization of the elements of the building are:

- [a] A strict adaptation to function,
- [b] Maximum flexibility in the organization of space.

The individual departments into which the administration of the Gallery will be divided are the direct consequence of functional needs. There is, for example, a greater emphasis upon adequate facilities for administration than there might be in a museum which was less definitely devoted to the fostering of a national interest in the arts, and there is also, as a consequence of the specific orientation of the museum, a much greater emphasis upon facilities for storage and for distribution.

Flexibility of plan and expansion are also to be insisted upon as a consequence of these special objectives. The exhibition area must be conceived not as a series of permanent or monumental rooms but as open space capable of a wide variety of adaptation for many different exhibition uses.

2. ADMINISTRATIVE ORGANIZATION

The general organization of the Gallery should be thought of as subject to frequent change, its primary function being that of a clearing house and an agency for services. The administrative organization should be conceived as a device not only for maintaining an effective museum in Washington, but equally in respect to its relation to the outlying regions. Each department of the Gallery should be thought of as a self-

sufficient unit, subject to expansion within the framework of the Gallery.

For the purpose of this competition, the departments will be assumed to be the following:

[a] *General administration*, including the executive directorial and managerial units.

[b] *Registration*, the recording machinery of all objects taken in or out of the Gallery, both for its Washington exhibitions and for its traveling exhibitions. This will involve a large amount of detail.

[c] *Curatorial and research departments* divided as follows: Painting, sculpture, industrial art, architecture, graphic art, photography. All these will be related to both the local and the national program.

[d] *Traveling exhibitions and extension*.

[e] *Publications*.

[f] *Library*. This will be both a research and lending library. It should serve the needs of scholars, students, and resident artists and also serve the country at large through lending collections of books on the contemporary arts and through distribution of lantern slides, color reproductions, and other forms of educational material.

[g] *Department of films*. This will function as a distributing agency and also as a production unit for films to be used in the teaching of art. It will, therefore, serve a public much larger than that of the immediate community.

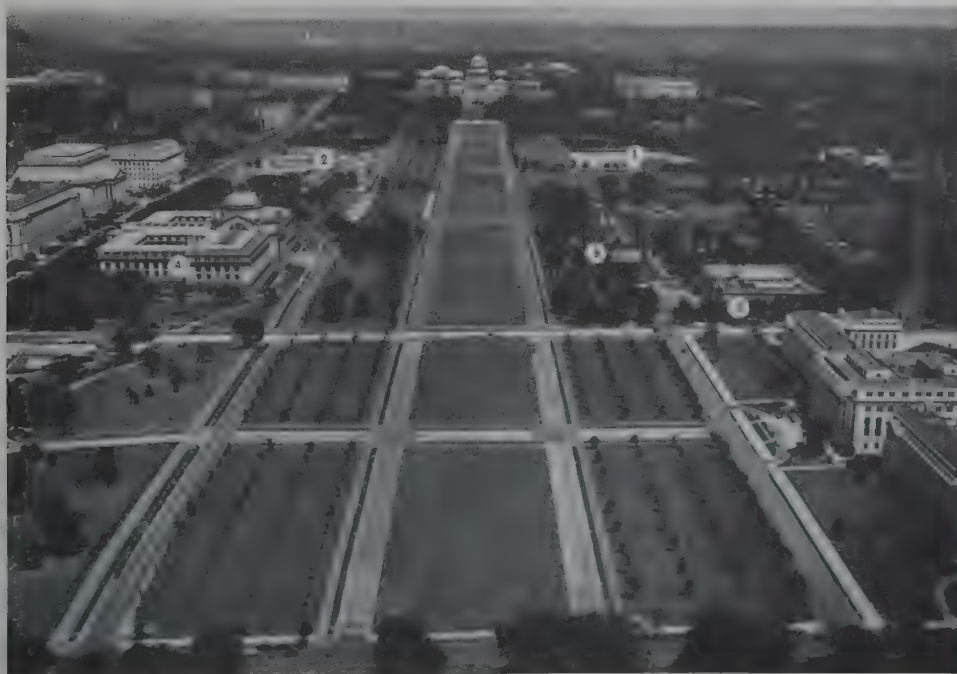
[h] *Membership*. It is hoped that there will be a large membership throughout the country.

3. OFFICES OF ADMINISTRATION AND EXTENSION

The following is a detailed list of the requirements for administration. Participants in the preliminary competition should note that they are not to show in detail all of these requirements, but indicate only the general distribution and organization of these spaces. Provision for change and expansion are, of course, essential.

(Continued on page 122)

The Mall, looking eastward from the Washington Monument. 1. Site of the proposed Smithsonian Gallery of Art. 2. Site of the National Gallery of Art, Mellon bequest. 3. Smithsonian Building. 4. Natural History Building. 5. The Freer Gallery of Art.





KAROLY KERNSTOK. HORSEMEN. OIL. 1912

MODERN HUNGARIAN PAINTING

BY ANDRE KORMENDI

TO EYES ACCUSTOMED to the modernism of Western Europe, Hungarian art will seem strange and familiar at the same time. It will seem familiar because, on the whole, it follows the current tendencies of the European art of our period. But it will also appear strange because it has nevertheless preserved, or rather developed, a peculiar attitude. Hungarian art, though constantly aware of the road taken by the western civilization, frequently found it necessary to oppose it in a number of ways. And this is easy to understand if Hungary's unique political and cultural situation is borne in mind.

The Hungarian, with his as yet insufficiently ascertained Asiatic background, his moody, semi-oriental temperament, stands practically alone in Europe. His language, a Finno-Ugric tongue, is related to no other language except that of the Finns and of some Mongolian tribes living on the steppes of Asiatic Russia and in certain Arctic regions. The Hungarian country is situated on the eastern border of Central Europe at the colliding point of Germanic and Slav expansion. Its

history has been an incessant battle to defend a constantly menaced independence. Consequently, the Hungarians have long since developed a strong consciousness of isolation and the conviction that they must depend on themselves if they want to survive. The political tragedy of the country's mutilation by the peace treaties helped only to accentuate this attitude. And if at one time the art of Hungary had a tendency to accept the leadership of Paris, today it is very noticeably turning away from that leadership and is increasingly depending upon its own resources.

There is always a close relationship between the art of a nation and its destiny. This relationship may not be as obvious in the plastic arts as it is in literature which deals with the problems of the social and political set-up in a more direct manner. However, the plastic arts reveal, in their own symbolic language, as much of the state of happiness, the ideals and hidden aspirations of a people as of its racial temperament or cultural status. They do so not only in the choice of subject matter and the mood conveyed, but in the manner of approach to the very questions of form and style.

The events of the last fifty years of Hungarian history were certainly of a character to leave the deepest imprint on the spiritual manifestations of any nation. A sustained effort, cut short by the war, to raise the status of the country from that of a modest cultural province to an equal level with the leading Western nations; the World War ending in defeat and all its social and economic consequences. Their country reduced to one-third of its former size by the Peace Treaty, the Hungarians came to know class war, social disintegration and a passionate outburst of nationalism following one another in rapid succession of events, the end of which is not yet in sight.

Whatever the future may reserve for this people in the new European balance of power, one thing is certain. In the midst of diametrically opposed forces the Hungarians represent a strange body that cannot be closely identified with either side. Obeying the laws imposed on small nations, it may, out of necessity, attach itself to one or the other group of powers. Inwardly, however, it will stay aloof. It will remain what it always has been: a close, solitary unit, an island of its own peculiar character.

Hungarians were never "Gothic" in spirit. Hungarians are individualists. They love freedom. They are instinctively opposed to every form of culture of an authoritative or mystic character. If for centuries they were forced to submit to German domination, they always managed to keep their independence of thought and spirit. Naturally the centuries of Hapsburg rule left heavy marks on Hungarian culture. However, even in the darkest periods of oppression, strong undercurrents were at work, expressed in numerous acts of rebellion and in a poetry and music that were utterly unconventional. If, for a long time, painting, more bound by the limitations of the metier to schools and fashions, made only timid efforts to rid itself of the German influence, the folk art in its own way maintained its national traditions.

When, in the fourth quarter of the last century, Hungarian art (at least through its most significant exponents) allied itself with the modern French movement, it did so not only to obey the call of the times but also to overcome the restrictions of the German influence. Having obtained their political freedom (Hungary became an independent state in 1867, joined to Austria, until their post-war separation, only by the person of the King), the Hungarians wished likewise to regain their spiritual independence. At this point France, with her free rebellious spirit, seemed to be the only natural ally.

The secret of the universal effect of French modernism cannot be explained by the irresistible logic of its ideas alone. The fact that it had a creative influence on the art of all nations is an equally important factor. It presented them with a new freedom. It revealed new frontiers for modern sensibility. It inspired other nations to turn back to the sources of their own national genius. Without the aid of the French school, it is just as hard to picture the new Italian renaissance as the birth of German expressionism. Through its contacts with France, American art reached its present flourishing state. And it is the French example that helped Hungary find the road to its own plastic language.

ALTHOUGH THE modern movement in Hungary does not es-

entially begin until about the last decade of the nineteenth century, isolated cases presaged its advent almost twenty years before. Munkacsy, Szinnyei-Merse, Baron Mednyanszky and Laszlo Paal were the first to find their way to Paris and to the more recent problems of European art. The two names, however, with which the birth of Hungarian modernism is most closely connected are Jozsef Rippl-Ronai and Karoly Ferenczy.

Jozsef Rippl-Ronai was attracted to Paris at an early age. He was a contemporary and close friend of Maillol. He had an active part in the Post-Impressionistic movement, working for several years side by side with people like Bonnard, Vuillard or Maurice Denis. He attained the same refinement, the same purity of style that they did. However, his lazy, undulating forms, the misty, sensuous quality of his colors as contrasted with the clearer and more intellectual conceptions of his Latin associates, betray his different origin. Rippl-Ronai was the first to introduce into the art of Hungary the simplicity of design, the rhythmic evaluation of pattern, the



JOZSEF RIPPL-RONAI: OLD LADY. OIL



TIVADAR CSONTVARY: ATHENS IN THE MOONLIGHT. OIL

decorative use of color as well as a deeply lyrical approach, all of which remained basic properties of the new Hungarian painting.

The modernism of Karoly Ferenczy is of a more timid character. He too got his start in Paris, but his art ripened after he returned to his country, amidst the lazy hills of Nagybanya, the "Hungarian Barbizon," of which he soon became the leader. Without achieving Rippl-Ronai's purity of style, Ferenczy aimed for the same objectives: synthesis and decorativism. With his sincerity and deep sentiment, however, he had an unparalleled influence on the art of Hungary.

During the ten or fifteen years that preceded the war, after

the decadent escape-ism of the *fin de siecle*, Europe experienced an unusual turmoil of activity. As a result of an immense technical progress and an enlarged human perspective, a growing self-confidence took hold of the minds of the people. Hungary at that period was impregnated with this feeling, which was heightened by the pride of a newly acquired spiritual freedom. Karoly Ferenczy and Jozsef Rippl-Ronai clearly represent this spirit. And so do others who with them comprise the phalanx of the modern movement of pre-war Hungary.

Their art, as is more or less true of the art of all other nations, continues to take its lead from Paris. However, by

giving immediate response to certain things and remaining unaffected by others, Hungarian art soon takes its own definite shape. Neither symbolism nor the purely abstract ever found a sincere appreciation in Hungary. There was a ready appeal in all pictorial discoveries and in every new approach to the human side of problems but little interest in or comprehension for the purely intellectual or formal questions.

Certainly the foremost artists of this period tend to lead us to the conclusion. Whether we consider the art of Istvan Csok, so light and graceful, so melodious in his color sensations; of Janos Vaszary's eruptive, highly sensuous pictures; or the serene, monumental work of Karoly Kernstok (whose clear, formal conceptions, incidentally, are as attractive as the deep human sympathies revealed), we must nevertheless

recognize their limitations as well as the particular direction in which their art grows freely: namely, in fields reflecting an especial attraction to the positive aspects of life.

The picture of the art of pre-war Hungary would be incomplete without mentioning its most astonishing figure, Tivadar Csontvary. Of the lonely type of a Rousseau or an Eilshemius, when he died in 1919, at the age of sixty-six, he was still laughed at and considered a crazy dilettante. After his death, his pictures narrowly escaped annihilation. Csontvary left an amazing *oeuvre* behind: fabulous landscapes and compositions, some of them measuring over three hundred square feet, that reveal, beside a genuine naivete, remarkable pictorial and plastic values. He was a pathologic case, it is true, as are so many other heroes of modernism. But with his

JENO BARCSAY: THREE WOMEN. OIL





Left: GYULA DERKOVITS: THE BRIDGE. OIL. 1934

siduity with which others explore the secrets of the subconscious or the abstract relations of forms and colors.

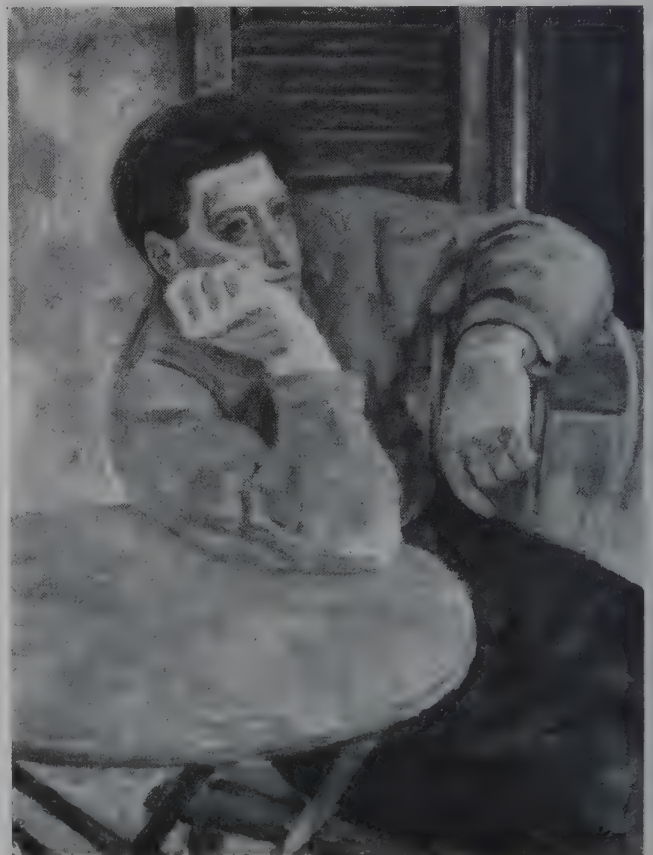
At any rate, one thing is certain. Hungarian art has attained a degree of sincerity that is hardly surpassed by the art of any other nation in our age. If it sins, it does so rather by a kind of heavy, awkward grasp than by extreme dexterity. Although the accent of Hungarian art, like that of Hungarian speech, is involved and has a heavy flow; although its moody, self-dissecting, oriental character may, at times, give the impression of haziness to a western mind, I do not think that its enriching contribution to modernism can be doubted. It treats strange subjects in unexpected ways. It reveals the picturesque quality of an almost unique social set-up. Dark foreheads emerge from a hazy background, men who seem to be loaded with the burden of their toil, whether they have a brush in hand or a plough. Curves of aged, low hills flow in tectonic solidity, as though sensed by someone aware of the mystery of creation. Sunbeams take on firm, tangible forms and break up the shapeless earth, the almost undiscernible surface of a quiet lake or the startled features of an ageless person staring in the sun. Heavy, oriental forms are undulating, shapes of resting women and men in contemplation, curious groups of peasants—all are being transformed into symbols born in the mind of someone haunted by deep social sympathies and seduced by the revelations of a new vision.

Besides this basic similarity of attitude, there are of course wide differences among the contemporary Hungarian paint-

unbalanced mind he has created an extraordinary chapter in modern art. Possessing a great imagination, a strange, distorted, utterly modern sense for color and design, he had a profound faith in what he believed to be his heroic mission.

After the tragic experiences of the war, the art of Hungary shows a curious curve. While it indicates a definite gain in freedom and, to a considerable extent, a liberation from western accents, it also shows an abandonment of some of the bold attempts of the start and the deliberate adoption of certain limitations that can only be explained in terms of the prevailing sentiment of the nation.

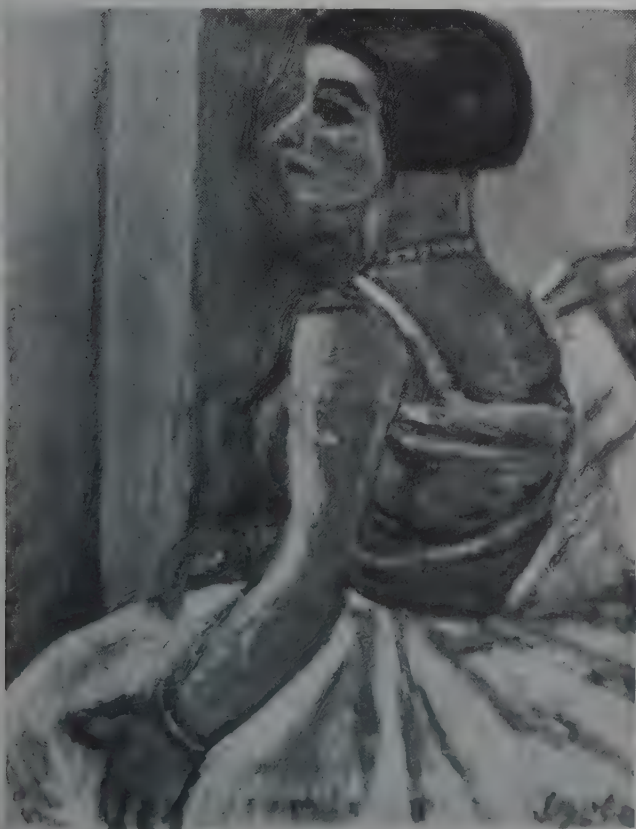
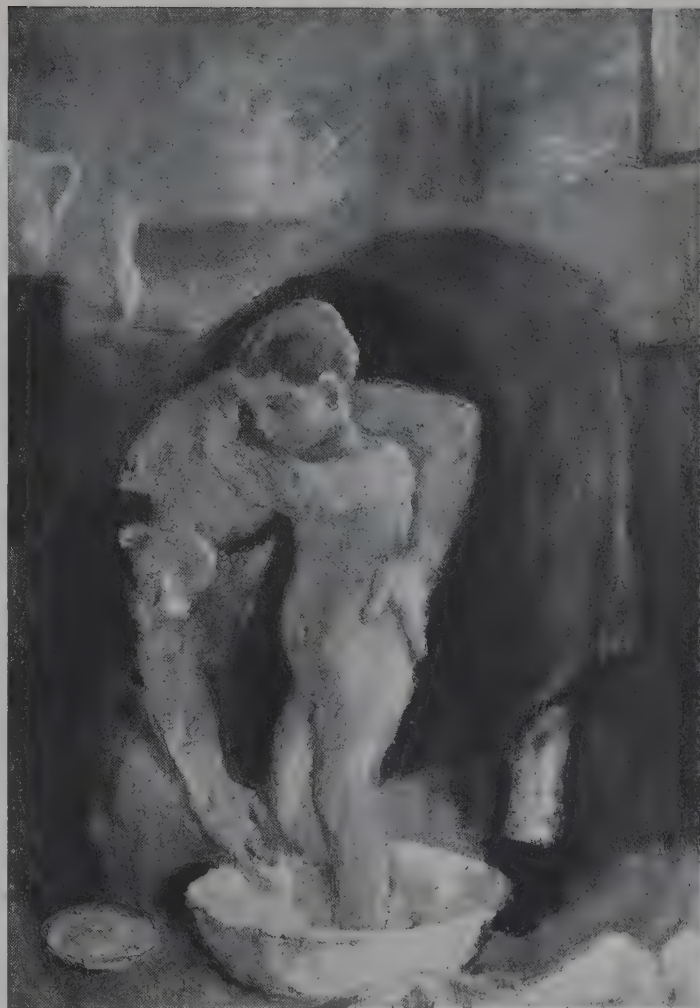
We cannot, however, describe this new attitude as being out of date. Is surrealism not a very similar "escape," however striking its formulas may be, and is it not, if compared to the bold optical innovations of cubism, rather limited in its means? True, Hungarian art has never attempted any "Grand Coup" to reverse the actual state of things, nor did it attack the fundamental problems of esthetics and venture to rebuild the universe. Nevertheless, it is not the less modern while it is exploring the spirit of its peculiar people, forcing the limits of its own sensibility and exalting the picturesque of its curious atmosphere with the same tenseness and as-



Right: ROBERT BERENY: MEDITATION. OIL

ers, in temperament as well as in esthetic conception. Some of them would follow freely their visual reactions, like Odon Marffy, a brilliant colorist, whose pictures are like blurring visions of an excitable, highly sensitive mind. Others would subject themselves to a rigorous discipline, like Kmetty with his sturdy, almost ascetic restraint, or Szobotka with his sophisticated, geometrical transcriptions. Bornemissza would follow the light, decorative manner of his one time master, Matisse, while Egry would cling to an unusual formalism of his own, well suited to express the elusive qualities of the atmosphere and the human mood. Bereni's lyricism would find expression within a broad, summarizing manner of great style, while Aurel Bernath and Istvan Szonyi would abandon themselves entirely to the impulses of their peculiar sensibility. Vilmos Aba Novak who has recently been living in the United States, uses a forceful mannerism to convey his epic ideas. Istvan Farkas depicts the humble aspects of life, with a mysterious and haunting significance. Though pure abstractionism, as we pointed out before, is rare in Hungary, two painters follow this trend with a notable competence: Hugo Scheiber and Bela Kadar.

With the possible exception of Aurel Bernath, none of the above mentioned affected contemporary painters to the same extent as Bela Czobel and Gyula Derkovits. Czobel, a noted member of the Paris school, who was the first before the war to introduce in Hungary the teachings of the "Fauve" movement, has lately acquired a new significance. His art, so moody



and tortured, so simple in construction and rich in expressive qualities, vaguely recalling the manner of Rouault, has had a marked influence especially on the younger generation.

Not less momentous is the tragic figure of Gyula Derkovits. He fought his way up from a simple workman and died of tuberculosis a few years ago, at the age of forty. He painted the life of the Hungarian working class, combining a bitter, rebellious class consciousness with a deep human understanding and a most tender passion for the beauty of color and design.

To a certain extent, Istvan Desi-Huber derives his inspiration from the same sources as Derkovits. However, the strange delicacy of the latter is replaced here by a forceful, almost brutal decisiveness, a characteristic that seems to be that of the younger generation to which he belongs. Next to his work, the somber lyricism of Jenő Barcsay (whose robust linear language indicates a new approach to the old problems of Hungarian art), the more witty, sophisticated modernism of Gyula Hincz and the cool intellectualism of Jenő Medveczky are the salient features of the younger group, which seems to be stepping right alongside of its elders with a force at least equal to theirs.

Left: BELA CZOBEL: DANCER. OIL



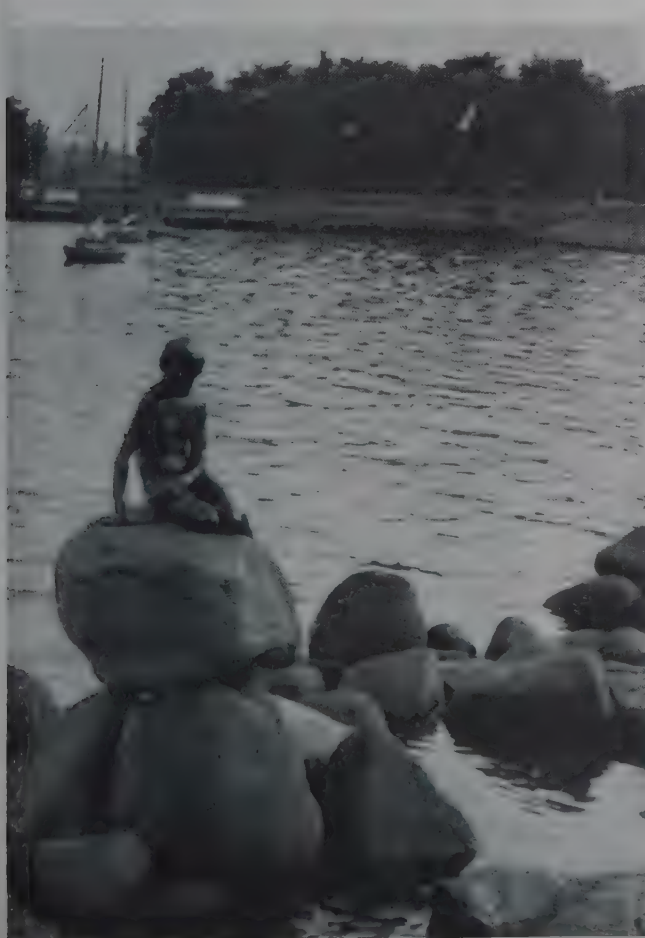
Above: AXEL POULSEN'S MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE REUNION OF THE PROVINCE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN WITH DENMARK AFTER THE WORLD WAR (DETAIL). IN COPENHAGEN. *Right:* EDVARD ERICHSEN'S LITTLE MERMAID (BRONZE) SITS ON A WATERY ROCK BESIDE THE LANGELINIE PARK ALONG COPENHAGEN'S WATERFRONT

SCULPTURE IN DENMARK

BY STANLEY CASSON

WHEN ONE speaks of sculpture in Scandinavia one thinks chiefly of Sweden and of that outstanding artist Carl Milles. His output of work is so enormous, his reputation so great, and his achievements so splendid that one tends to forget other sculptors in the other Scandinavian countries whose work may be almost as important. In Norway, Sweden and Denmark alike public and private bodies, government departments, municipal councils and so forth, invariably obtain the services of first-rate sculptors for the erection of public monuments. Nothing like this is seen in any other European country today, but in America the tendency is more evident.

Those who travel to Sweden or Norway should not hesitate to pause on their journey and visit Denmark. Even in the remotest country town one will unexpectedly find some first-rate work of sculpture. In Copenhagen itself are many monuments, but the city has one superlative advantage in possessing a seafront, known as the Langelinie, which is laid out as a park and holds a number of monuments of first-rate quality. Among these one of the most remarkable is the little figure of a bronze mermaid seated upon a boulder actually in the sea itself. Another is the strange mythological group of Nature and a chariot drawn by four bullocks. There is also a splendid memorial to the sailors of the Danish Mercantile Marine who perished from submarine attacks while sending Danish produce abroad during the War of 1914-1918.

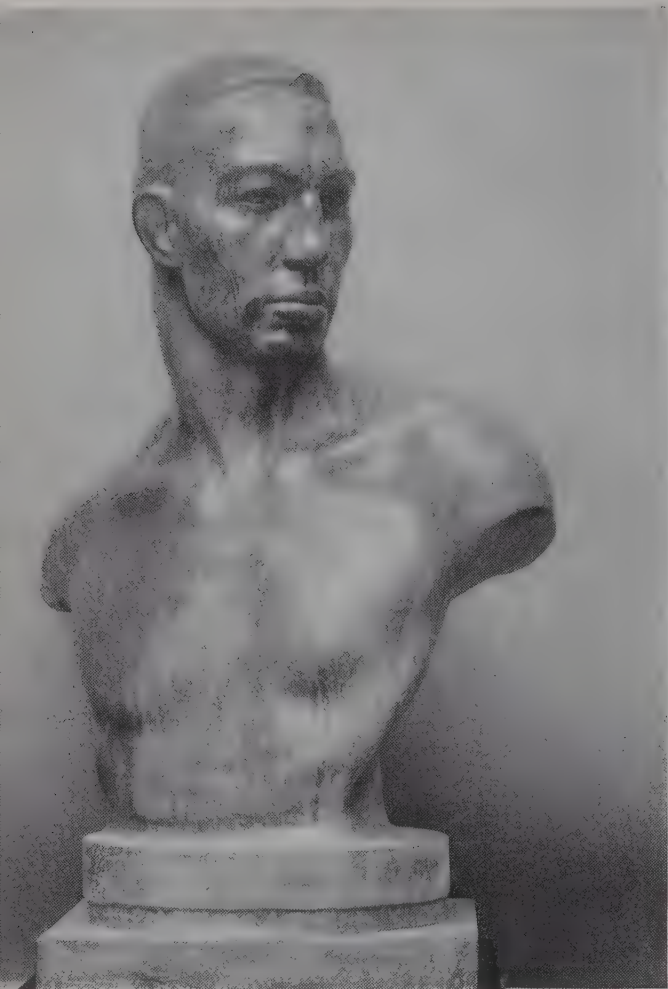


Another monument nearby is the great memorial commemorating the reunion with Denmark of the province of Schleswig-Holstein, ceded by Germany in consequence of the Peace Treaty. This is a colossal bronze group by a young artist, Axel Poulsen. It shows a simple figure of mother and daughter, and is rendered in a straightforward academical style, but with a detailed brilliance of execution that shows the artist's dependence upon a good Renaissance tradition.

But by far the greatest Danish sculptor is Kai Nielsen. His work is almost entirely confined to Denmark itself and is, in consequence, not very widely known. But he can rank among the greatest of modern European artists. His style is so individual as to defy analysis, but in general it might be said that he can be derived from both Rodin on the one hand and the tradition of Michelangelo on the other. His style is that of the Scandinavian baroque of which Carl Milles is the chief living exponent. Nielsen was born in 1882 at Svendborg on the island of Fyen, and died in 1924. His work is to be seen throughout Denmark but principally in the town of Faaborg and in the main galleries of the Ny Glyptotek at Copenhagen. His father was a watchmaker and he received his artistic education entirely in Denmark itself. His principal works exhibit qualities both of humor and of imagination, and his execution as a sculptor is amazingly versatile. Among the subjects he selected were many both from Scandinavian and Greek mythology. Like many other Scandinavian sculptors he has a strong romantic vein. Two of his most surprising mythological works are the marble group known as *Zeus and Io* and the other known as *The Mother of the Waters*. The first is an astonishing achievement of carving in white marble, showing the figure of the god descending from the sky head foremost on to the figure of Io. The second, which stands in the fountain courtyard inside the Glyptotek, is carved of white Greek marble, and shows a robust figure of a woman surrounded by numbers of small and rather humorous infants. The figure is placed in the centre of a fountain. It is perhaps his most unusual and charming work.

Visitors to the island of Fyen who go to the quiet little town of Faaborg will see to their surprise an unexpected monument in the marketplace of this picturesque little town. It was made by Nielsen in 1913, and is known as *The Birth of Ymer*. It represents a complicated Scandinavian myth which tells how the hero Ymer was created by a cow who licked a piece of rock salt. The sculpture shows the figure of the hero stirring into life under the head of the cow. At the time it was carved this strange sculpture created almost as much of a sensation as when Rodin first exhibited his portrait of Balzac in 1860.

Faaborg is merely a small country town of four thousand inhabitants like any remote New England township, and the citizens were indeed startled by so odd a monument. One of the prominent citizens of Faaborg was a manufacturer of canned goods called Mads Rasmussen. He later became a patron of art and built a delightful little gallery in Faaborg



one: KAI NIELSEN'S BRONZE BUST OF THE BOXER EMIL ANDREASON
ow, right: TIMID YOUNG GIRL, CARVED IN STONE BY KAI NIELSEN

itself which contains numerous examples of the work of the sculptor, together with a splendid collection of paintings, which are entirely the work of local artists on the island. To commemorate this patronage Nielsen carved a splendid portrait of Rasmussen in granite which now stands in the gallery. Rasmussen had no claim to distinction in appearance, but was fat, cheerful and a typical industrial magnate. The artist so represents him faithfully standing in a frock-coat, corpulent and friendly. As a portrait it is one of the best in modern sculpture, and has qualities of permanence which are not usually found in works of portraiture. Two other portraits by Nielsen deserve particular mention. One is of the boxer Emil Andreason, the other of the Norwegian painter Ludwig Karsten. The portrait of the boxer is a bust and has qualities of simplicity and strength which can associate it with the finest work of Hellenistic Greece. The head of the Norwegian painter, on the other hand, is more in the Roman manner, and reminds one of some of the portraits of the later Roman Emperors.

The works of Nielsen are to be seen in other Scandinavian museums, and in Stockholm, in the National Gallery, is one of his finest works known as *Eve and the Apple*, which he made in 1918. There is also by him there a splendid little terra cotta of a satyr and a nymph. One of his most striking works is a

figure of a young girl in stone which strongly reminds one of the best work of Michelangelo. Similar in style is his lovely figure in Copenhagen of *Leda with the Swan*. There is also a version of the figure of Leda separately which is one of the most brilliant of all his figure studies.

Nielsen was a most versatile artist, both in style and the material he used. He worked equally in bronze, in the hardest granite and in the finest Greek marble. He was also a painter of distinction. His methods of portraiture follow the true principle of simplification. His portraits strike the essential in the character of each individual and are never mere photographic likenesses perceived for a moment. All portrait artists are faced with the problem of deciding whether to simplify and bring out certain fundamental characteristics, or whether to render in the solid material a momentary vision of a personality as seen by the eye and not analyzed by the intellect. Nielsen had no hesitation in deciding to follow the first and more difficult method. In his mythological work he is never either sentimental or grandiose, and each interpretation that he gives has the stamp of his own personality. It is a pity that his work is hardly represented in museums and galleries outside Denmark because he is undoubtedly one of the greatest of that group of sculptors who owe their inspiration in the

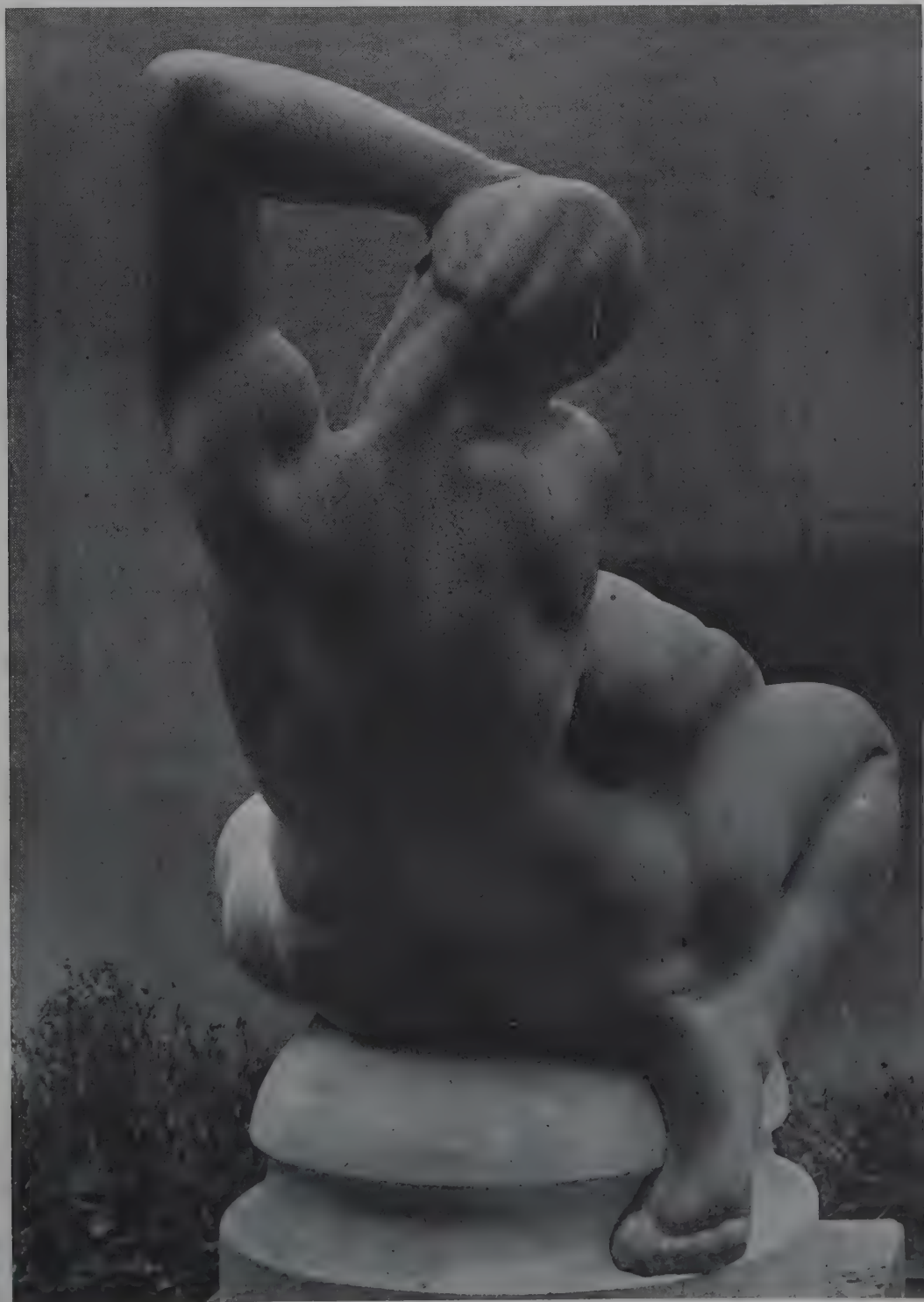


first instance to the then revolutionary methods and outlook of the great French sculptor Rodin. All those sculptors, originally dependent upon Rodin, who had sufficient personality to break away from mere slavish imitation have since made names for themselves. One could quote the names of Milles, Epstein and the Yugoslav sculptor, Mestrovic. The earlier work of each of these bears a resemblance to the work of the master Rodin, but after they had emancipated themselves from his controlling influence they produced work in which the hand of the master is hardly to be perceived.

The influence of sculptors like Poulsen and Nielsen has had a deep effect upon all the younger sculptors in Denmark, and

the profession of sculpture is a thriving one in that country. One of the openings for sculptors of distinction is in the great Danish porcelain factories. The little porcelain figures for which these Danish factories are so famous, and which are so highly prized by collectors all the world over, are all the work of young sculptors who have derived their inspiration from the greater work of men like Nielsen. There is thus in Denmark a long standing and vigorous tradition of sculpture which spreads its influence widely, both in industrial art and into the culture of the country as a whole. It is for this reason that everything from the largest public monument down to the smallest porcelain figure has a quality and a style which

(Continued on page 117)



KAI NIELSEN'S LEDA WITH
THE SWAN, 1918. IN THE
NY GLYPTOTEK, COPENHAGEN



Francisco Goya: *The Dead Branch*

COURTESY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

TRADITION, INFLUENCE, IMITATION

TRADITION, INFLUENCE and imitation are big words, but the three pictures on these facing pages somehow make us think of them. We cannot help wondering, as we look, to what extent a twentieth-century American can profit by the pictorial idea of a nineteenth-century Spaniard. On the face of it quite a good deal.

To stress the importance of tradition can hardly be necessary. Neither artists nor art spring full-fledged into being. But a concern with tradition does not imply merely a reverence for the past and a learning from it; it also implies adding to it. As Léon Werth once exclaimed: "They are forever beating us over the head with that word tradition! But a man is not in the tradition when he puts on his grandfather's hat. He is in the tradition when he produces a child." Goya was not artistically childless—and neither are his children's children.

But while acknowledging the artists' need for tradition we also observe that sometimes they are caught in the web of influences, past and present, which are the very fabric of tradition. Admittedly it is not always possible to submit only so far and no farther to the influence of the moment. And there

is the further possibility of taking more than one is able to give back. There are empty places in the development of art, perhaps for this reason. This reminds us—though we had almost forgotten—of the meticulous interiors of a genteel period when Vermeer was much admired and little understood. It also reminds us of the many dismembered guitars that lay in the wake of Picasso's cubism. And since Cézanne how many have been the card-players?

As to imitation, it is enough to note the disfavor in which it is held. No more conclusive evidence need be offered than the predominant striving for originality so familiar today. Although in other times and places imitation has been dignified by the highest usage, it was as a profoundly appreciative act of homage. Artists in those circumstances intended no easy flattery; certainly none was called for.

The war in Spain makes Goya newly popular. But not even the arrival of the Judgment Day would make it possible to add a cubit to his stature. We confess, though, that it must be a temptation to emulate his compassion and his mastery.

— F. A. W., JR.



William Gropper: The Cradle Will Rock

COURTESY A. C. A. GALLERY, NEW YORK

Mervin Jules: The Liberals



COURTESY AN AMERICAN GROUP

JOSE DE CREEFT: HEAD IN
BELGIAN GRANITE. IN THE
SCULPTURE EXHIBITION
AT THE WHITNEY MUSEUM
OF AMERICAN ART, NEW
YORK, TO FEBRUARY 17



EXHIBITION REVIEWS

SCULPTURE ASCENDANT

THE WAXING STAR of American sculpture rose two degrees nearer a new zenith last month with the opening of the Whitney Museum's annual invitation exhibition (still current) and the formation of a new large group under the name of United American Sculptors, the latter organization making the most of limited space and putting on a lively if very uneven show at the New School for Social Research.

The Whitney adhered to its policy of letting each invited artist submit a piece of his work as he saw fit, sculpture being supplemented by prints and drawings. More than half a hundred pieces of sculpture were assembled, about half as many drawings and some two score assorted prints. The Museum also continued in effect its policy of inviting some well known and some less widely known artists, so that there is always an

element of surprise and not infrequently of delightful discovery about these shows.

An innovation this year will be hailed with further pleasure: water colors were excluded from the event, with a big all water-color show later in prospect: a decision which should be greeted with unanimous approval.

As in previous years the Museum has been very catholic in its invitations within the numerical delimitations it has set. From A to Z the list of exhibitors includes the most diverse of gallery mates working in every sort of medium. There are excellent things—and there are pieces bearing well known names that may calculably call forth a lift of the eyebrow. Traditionalist and modernist are both to be found. Alexander Archipenko's seated figure called *Meditation* (terra cotta) is not calculated to make him hosts of new admirers: in fact, it seems to me decidedly one of his most unsatisfactory pieces.

A. Stirling Calder's reclining figure is, on the other hand, one of power and dignity. Robert Laurent's *Sophia Delza* is successful in striking rhythms.

Among the other senior rank sculptors admirably represented is José de Creeft—that serene enigmatic head in black Belgian granite which is certainly one of the finest things of its kind an American sculptor has done and which needs museum installation to bring out its gracious loveliness. Heinz Warneke's granite *Prodigal Son* is another arresting piece. Maurice Glickman's *Young Nude* in cast stone and Jane Wasey's *Torso* in granite are other striking figures. John Flanagan contributed his *White Horse* in stone and William Zorach a *Reclining Cat* in his favorite granite, both bearing the unmistakably implicit signatures of their creators. Betty Burroughs' *Dancer*, Jo Davidson's bronze, young Milton Hebard's *Three Girls* (wood) are all on the right side of the ledger. Saul Baizerman's hammered copper frieze was one of the sensations of the outdoor sculpture show last spring, but his present decapitated figure in the same medium is not a happy work.

Waylande Gregory's ambitious *Mother and Child* in terra cotta stirs both championship and adverse criticism. Carl

Walter's ceramic lioness certainly reveals no lapse in that fine craftsman's abilities.

In addition to the work of these and more than a score of other invited sculptors, Gertrude V. Whitney's own *Peter Stuyvesant*, a sketch for a monument, makes one wish that she might have been called upon for suggestions to replace the much derided *Hudson* at the beginning of the parkway which bears his name.

Among the drawings are Peggy Bacon's *Lone Laundress* (pencil), Paul Cadmus' strongly drafted *Bathers* (pen and ink, wash and white chalk), Adolf Dehn's *At White's Cafe* (wash), Eugene Fitsch's *Young Actress* (sanguine), Rosella Hartman's decorative *Young Buck* (brush and ink), Doris Lee's *In the Cornfield* (pencil), and William Palmer's *Landscape with Figures* (ink and wash).

Among the prints that might well be singled out are lithographs by Minna Citron (*Dress Circle—Carnegie Hall*), Don Freeman (*To See the Mayor*), Albert Heckman (*Crossroads*), Stow Wengenroth (*Monhegan*) and Harry Wickey (*Hogs Near Corncrib*), together with the drypoint *Housetops* by Armin Landeck and the color lithograph *Clown* by Russell Limbach.

Whether or not one takes issue with the policy of unham-



ISADORE GROSSMAN: TORSO IN TENNESSEE MARBLE. IN THE EXHIBIT BY THE UNITED AMERICAN SCULPTORS AT THE NEW SCHOOL



JANE WASEY: TORSO, GRANITE. IN THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART'S ANNUAL EXHIBIT OF SCULPTURE, PRINTS AND DRAWINGS

pered artists' selection for these events, the upshot of the matter is that the Whitney, as usual, has got together a diverse and somewhat controversial assemblage of work with most of the contributors characteristically and pretty well represented.

The United American Sculptors, a score of whose members are also members of the Sculptors' Guild, and many of the others recruited from the ranks of the sculpture division of the Old Artists' Union and from the WPA Federal Art Project, succeeded in installing some seventy-five pieces in the New School Gallery. They put together a lively show with an excellent catalog in which all pieces were reproduced. From empty academism to the wildest of abstraction à la Lipchitz and Zadkine the work ranged, with much sound achievement interspersed. The trees hid the forest to a lamentable extent: if one got far enough away to get perspective on any piece, three or four other pieces intervened and had to be consciously ignored. It is to be hoped that so much energy and devotion will be rewarded at next year's show by a more spacious exhibition place which this first courageous effort so richly merits.

Among the pieces I liked especially were Isadore Grossman's torso in Tennessee marble; Helene Gaulois' *Young Girl*, in terra cotta; Rosa Newman Walinska's sensitive portrait, Polygnotis Vagis' massive one and Cesare Stea's quizzical one; José de Creft's *Acrobats at Rest* with intricate yet voluminous rhythms; and Robert Cronbach's *Industry*, which, like a dozen of the other pieces, had been lent by the Federal Art Project. Milton Hebard, Herbert Kallem, Richmond Barthé, Arline Wingate are among the other younger sculptors of promise, and, already, of considerable achievement in the roster of the new organization. The exhibition is a brave and lively beginning. Fair winds and a prosperous voyage.

—HOWARD DEVREE.

MARCKS: SEATED FIGURE, BRONZE. AT THE BUCHHOLZ GALLERY



TINTORETTO

A TINTORETTO exhibition is an astonishing event. If there has ever been a showing in this city devoted entirely to the works of Jacopo Robusti, it has not come under the observation of a reviewer who has been wandering about in the purlieus of art for an unconscionable period of time. The loan exhibition of works by this artist, opening February 20 at the Durlacher Galleries, constitutes a real occasion, not merely because it appears to be a unique event, but chiefly because it includes so many important paintings never previously shown in New York.

Tintoretto's boast that his work united the color of Titian and the forms of Michelangelo does not seem an idle one when looking at these canvases. In fact, his fusion of light and color brings a splendor to his work not found even in the richness of Titian's palette, while his forms are not so much colossal in the manner of Michelangelo's gigantic nudes, as heroic from their amplitude of life and glowing vitality. This exhibition reveals more convincingly than isolated examples of the artist's work, how definitely he added new qualities to the already rich achievement of Venetian art, particularly in his dramatic, whirling design and his union of line, color and light to build up plastic form.

The portraits shown here have the same splendor as those by Titian, with sounder drawing, if possibly less searching penetration of character. Like all Venetian portraiture of this time, they were cherished for their decorative aspect as much as their veracity of likeness to subject. Such portraits were intended to be embellishments as well as family documents, so that they have an impersonal, timeless appeal. *Alessandro Farnese*, loaned by the Boston Museum, is an excellent example of this artist's portraiture in its spacious design, convincing realism and subtlety of handling. It is supposed that Alessandro's handsome white and silver costume was that worn at his wedding just before his return to Italy, after his long sojourn in Spain. In any case, it is typical of the vogue for Spanish fashions at this period, so often demonstrated by figures on the canvases of Veronese. *Venetian Senator* (probably an early work) for all its magnificence of purple robe and lavish gold embroidery, concentrates interest on the gentle face. It is characteristic of the artist to invest his sitters with a poignant humanity whatever elaboration of costume or décor he gives them. In addition to its other virtues, this portrait, unlike many of Tintoretto's gallery of Senators, has great refinement and care in the painting of the hands. There is, further, a real *portrait d'apparat*, *Tommaso Contarini*; this aristocratic figure is arrayed in engraved, gleaming armor, a rich scarf thrown negligently over his shoulder, a bronze tablet commemorating his triumphal record on a pillar beside him. Only the vitality of treatment and subordination of detail to design keep this presentation from degenerating into blatant pompousness.

Among the figure canvases, *Tancred Baptising Clorinda*, an incident taken from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, and *Hercules and Antaeus*, the classic myth so beloved of Renaissance painters, are examples of the artist's almost incredible powers of projection and boldness of design. The foreshortening of the figure of Clorinda, the audacity of the thrust of the tense



TINTORETTO: BAPTISM OF CLORINDA. LENT BY MRS. FRANK G. LOGAN OF CHICAGO TO THE TINTORETTO EXHIBIT AT DURLACHER'S

body of Hercules with its rippling play of muscles, as well as the swirling movement that beats through both canvases catching up every detail in its rhythmic motion are characteristic of one facet of Tintoretto's genius. The drama is heightened in both paintings by the effulgence of light against which the figures are defined, which sharpens the contrast between textures, flesh tones and rhythmic contours. Yet, so final and subtle is the balance of all the elements of the composition in

each canvas that there is no effect of violence. Moreover, in these dramatic themes Tintoretto never allowed the subject to overcome him, but subjugated it to his own artistic ends; it is always more than an incident, it is an esthetic idea brilliantly developed. In the magnificent *Madonna and Child* of the Cleveland Museum the same whirling movement is felt in the design, not only in the radiating linear pattern, but in the plastic rhythms of the figure. The beautiful translucency



COURBET: SNOW. IN THE FRENCH PAINTING EXHIBITION AT C. W. KRAUSHAAR'S

of color in this picture, as well as a frequent metallic brilliance due to the demarcation of large areas of color by lines of light, are characteristic of the artist's later work. In the unfinished *Diana* of the Fogg Museum, shown here, the artist's method of underpainting and building up with over-glazes indicates his way of obtaining this richness and translucence of surface.

The power to hold intricate detail to unified harmony of impression felt in the large canvas, *Finding of Moses*, is no more striking than the deep spiritual fervor conveyed by all Tintoretto's religious subjects. Humanism or any other pagan cult were little solace to the terror-stricken Venetians of his time who could hear the thundering steps of the Emperor's army coming nearer each day. Tintoretto reveals this return to Christianity, not only by making use of Bible themes, but by giving a vivid reality to their religious content, bringing it into the life of his day by discarding the antique costume and décor conventionalized for Bible figures by Raphael and giving his characters the dress and gesture of contemporary living.

Christ on the Sea of Galilee is, assuredly, one of his most impressive religious paintings. The figure of Christ has the exaggerated proportions that Tintoretto so often employed in his late work, but the relation of the figure to the landscape

has such exquisite rectitude of scale that no disproportion is felt. The ability to express mood by dramatic play of light in this painter's work was never more evidenced than in the unearthly radiance that fills this canvas. In spite of its almost vehement emotional note the artist here is not the "Furioso" of the audacious projections and vehement movement of many of his paintings, but a passionately religious man apprehending spiritual truths in terms of pictorial expression. The landscapes of Tintoretto's canvases should have a story to themselves. They are not merely effective backdrops for his majestic theatre of action, but a faithful record of natural forms closely observed. The beauty of these landscapes illumined through the artist's mastery of light and color gives the essential character of particular scenes in terms both of vital realism and poetic charm.—MARGARET BREUNING.

AROUND NEW YORK

ONE OF THE distinguishing things—and one of the essential praises—of Charles Burchfield's water colors is that this artist is about the only American painter who can do water colors as large as oils and get away with it.

This writer has had occasion a number of times during the last few years to comment on that common blight of American work in this medium—oversized papers whose creators make desperate attempts to hold their dry brush efforts together by using Prussian blue and even black and who, even so, produce pretty empty essays. To Burchfield's everlasting credit be it said that one seldom feels a lack of content or of forceful expression in even the largest of his works.

In the January show at Rehn's Burchfield achieved, it seems to me, a new high. He has turned out few better things than the *Brooding Earth*, with its mood of grim resignation envisioned under a sky relentlessly ominous of winter: a work which so acutely supplements the *November Bloom* in which almost the same autumnal effect is in evidence, but in which the last warmth of late autumn is lingering in the air and the season still looks backward to summer. Burchfield is fond of such contradiction, which appears again in *December Twilight*, a light streak dominating the low sky and momentarily holding off the approach of night, while glowing windows already signal submission to the coming of darkness.

In still another paper, *Snow Remnants*, Burchfield manages to convey something of the uncompromising mood of the second movement of Sibelius' second symphony, when the gaunt and diverse forces of nature have it out among themselves. Burchfield is seldom subtle, but impact atones for the lack of slighter and more involved values. There is music in his work, but it is the music of the north with epic rather than

lyric qualities. His work, moreover, is as native American as any that is now being done and without recourse to a superficial subscription to the American scene; for some of these subjects might as well intrinsically be Scandinavian and are universal in the appeal of their dominant mood. In *Winter Sunshine* a frosty sunlight bleakly cheers a prospect of back lot garden and frame sheds whose weathered patine is a thing of beauty. The one oil shown, *Old House by the Creek*, was seen in the Whitney Annual and widely remarked as his best canvas to date: even so, it has an opaqueness and self-consciousness and a lack of spirit that set it below the score of papers of which the technique is such that it never calls attention to itself. I have heard a visitor coming away say suddenly, "Were those oils or water colors?", so engrossed had he been in the man's message as opposed to the artist's mastery. And that, perhaps, is praise enough.

HERBERT MEYER

A NUMBER OF one-man shows deserve comment more extended than can be accorded to them at this time. One of these is the first show in several seasons, and the largest, if memory serves me correctly, by Herbert Meyer. His recent oils are more solidly constructed, more sturdily brushed and more subtle in color than was true of his older work. *Haying Time and Mother Myrick* is a notably successful example—a big, dark lump of hill against the sky while the tilled foreground affords detailed contrast. A large *Queensboro Bridge* is a change



HERBERT MEYER: HAYING TIME AND MOTHER MYRICK, OIL. IN THE ARTIST'S ONE-MAN EXHIBITION AT THE MACBETH GALLERIES



SISLEY: THE STATION AT MEUDON, OIL. IN THE FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS EXHIBITION AT THE FRENCH ART GALLERIES, NEW YORK

from his Vermont landscapes, at once open and architectural. The title of *The Valley from an Orchard* is sufficiently descriptive of that extremely pleasing and poetically wrought work. Meyer captures the spirit of Vermont, the gradations of green and the true feel of the country, more to my liking than almost any other painter. His new water colors are brisk and pertinent. Pastels in portraits of children are sensitively handled.

FRENCH AT KRAUSHAAR'S

ONE OF THE outstanding exhibitions of French paintings is that just opened at Kraushaar's. Without attempt at an artificial theme, a score of pictures have been assembled, including Fantin-Latour's *The Young Fitz-James*, a firm and delightfully appealing portrait of a boy, a small thing but full of life and comprehension. The Courbet *Snow*, one of the most arresting works by that artist, brought here from a French collection, is, for Courbet, wildly romantic. A moody sky overhangs a slope with bare, wind swept trees, while through the snowy landscape an all but ice-bound brook courses. Daring in design and more full of feeling than anything I have ever seen by this artist, *Snow* overpowers its companion from the same brush, *The Wave*, a sharply defined study of a wave at the instant of breaking, with the curl of spray almost Japanese in its subtle strength.

Monet's *Port Villez*, a vista seen through a stand of slender trees, is firmer, more satisfying and far less soft of color than most of the great Impressionist's work. Two Boudins—one with an especially beautiful sky—and a Pissarro market scene with large figures in the foreground, strong in rhythm and draftsmanship and gay in color, together with a Monticelli portrait of such virile strength that one is impelled to think of certain works by van Gogh and Cézanne, are other striking examples. And there is a little Rousseau, *Mont St. Michel*, which is almost impudent in spirit. Corot, Renoir, Sisley, Utrillo and Vuillard are well represented—the last named by an interior with figure; a picture which without being high in key nevertheless attains a curious intensity and is one of that artist's finer canvases.

EVE

BEGINNING THE season with work by French primitives, the Perls Galleries have now put on a one-man show by Jean Eve, one of the most accomplished of that contemporary group. (With the primitive show at the Museum of Modern Art not long past and Valentine putting forward a solo by Louis Vivin, are we to conclude that surrealism, abstraction and the wilder work of the School of Paris modernists are being given a rest and that we are face to face with a new crusade to put over a

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CATHOLICITY OF THE PHONOGRAPH

A REVIEW OF RECENT RECORDS BY C. G. BURKE

THE PHONOGRAPH REQUIRES very little skill to play, so many people of all tastes, and none, play it. Record manufacturers as a result have a boundless market to supply and work earnestly to supply it. Those with moron taste, burgher taste, sound and exquisite taste are satisfied in the proportion that they will pay for it; no intermediate grade will be excluded if solvent. The justifiable complaint that the higher categories made of the lower before 1924—that phonographic repertory was for the morons nearly exclusively—ceased to be true with the rise of radio, which ardently pursued and successfully claimed them as its very own. Immediately recorded music started to improve; its repertory is now magnificent and is growing. As long as this growth continues amateurs have no right to object when manufacturers issue disks for the delectation of lower tastes, any more than the better reading public may decently cavil at the issuance of works by Eddie Guest as long as those of Thomas Mann and Jules Romains are regularly made available.

The record (Columbia P-69340, \$1.50), of *Le Repos de la Sainte-Famille*, from Berlioz's oratorio *L'Enfance du Christe* panders beautifully to intelligent taste. This section of a work hardly known except by repute creates by an exquisitely simple melody and instinctively appropriate instrumentation a feeling of compassion quite unequalled in music. The performance by the Paris Symphony Orchestra conducted by François Ruhlmann is sensitive but unmaudlin; and a tenor, Jean Planel, appearing on the second side as the Narrator, is remarkable both for beauty of tone and purity of line. The recording is crystalline; and suffers only from a usual but slight phonographic overprominence of woodwind.

Tchaikovsky's naive vaudeville, the *1812 Overture*, can appeal to all tastes. The method, of having one military air conquer another, is juvenile; but the results are resounding and tuneful. Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra are responsible for the new version (Victor Album 515, two 12-inch disks, \$3.50) which has the familiar excellent qualities of all Mr. Fiedler's records: directness, cheerfulness, exuberance, discipline and skill, plus generally good tone and tremendous volume in the recording. Indeed this conductor and band, who specialize in wooing the demi-mondaines of music, almost invariably succeed in eclipsing other suitors.

Sir Thomas Beecham's leadership of the London Philharmonic Orchestra results in a *Flying Dutchman* overture (Columbia Album X-107, two 12-inch disks, \$2.25) exceptionally articulate in detail, which on that score will please the taste of Wagnerians. But the tempo is slower than usual and can shock: a valid enough reading, but not guaranteed to please. The *Einzug der Gaeste* from Tannhaeuser appears on the fourth side in concert form: this is superbly handled.

The Spanish tunes of the Ballet from Massenet's opera *Le Cid* caress the taste of those who like music with dinner. François Ruhlmann conducts a "Grand Symphony Or-

chestra" (whose grandeur ought not to be overestimated), capably through the six courses (Columbia P-17116 & 7, two 10-inch disks, \$2.00). Recording is neat and digestion will be easy.

An album (Victor No. 508, five 12-inch disks, \$9.00) bearing the title *Tristan und Isolde* would seem to be aimed at Wagnerians. The subtitle *Vorspiel—Liebesnacht—Liebestod* (*Symphonic Synthesis*) is not out of harmony with this semblance: by presumption here is a concert version, pieced together somewhat arbitrarily, of the three most prominent sections of the opera, with instruments substituted for the voices in a way for which there is plenty of acceptable precedent. Wrong. Or at least the aim is bad, or the explosion drives the Wagnerians away. Whatever audience this album may have, it is not Wagnerian; and it is not fastidious. *Il y a un rat dedans*; this work was "arranged" and conducted by Dr. L. Stokowski, a talented man never to be accused of excessive self-effacement. Although a serious man too, maybe he intended this as satirical farce. He might be questioned about the symbolical aspects of his scheme: address Beverly Hills, California. Briefly, this Synthesis is accomplished with scissors, glue and temerity: the Preludes to Acts I and II, part of the *Love-Music* from Act II and the *Finale* (*Liebestod*) are presented with interspersions taken elsewhere from the drama with intentional affronts to chronology; with the coda to Act II serving as climax to the *Liebestod* and the whole; thus wounding Tristan well after his death. In general the Philadelphia Orchestra properly overplays the thing, with an occasional excursion into fussy detail quite cheerfully ludicrous. It is hoped this too well recorded album will be the definitive edition. May it please those for whom it was intended!

The Decca records (Album 23, three 10-inch disks) of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite* are avowedly designed for children; and the price (\$2.25) is in accordance with the stature of such listeners. However, this reviewer, who is no authority on child psychology, thinks it far too good for them. In cutting out two-thirds of the morose *Flower Waltz* the recorders have done a formal service to an amorphous composer; and the performance of the agreeable rest of this music by Alexander Smallens and an orchestra is about as capable and spirited as one may ever hear. Tchaikovsky's instrumentation is retained, but the bulk of each choir is reduced here, with no loss, given the light quality of the music. The printed notes by Moses Smith are pertinent and informative, without the offensive advertising matter still frequently used in phonographic notes, recalling painfully the instrument's disreputable past, when parvenus bought records by the color of their labels, and the prices marked thereon.

Addressed to a sophisticated taste, Philippe Gaubert's *Chants de la Mer* (Columbia Album X-109, two 12-inch disks, \$3.25) titillates without arousing. The three workmanlike and varicolored seascapes extort commendation but not love. The

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NEWS AND COMMENT

Goya Portrait for San Diego

THE GOYA PORTRAIT of Don Vincente de la Roca, recently acquired from Knoedler's by the Fine Arts Society of San Diego, was brought over from Spain shortly before the Civil War. It had previously been in the possession of the de la Roca family and was never exhibited publicly.

Don Vincente de la Roca was elected Director of the Royal Academy of History in Madrid in 1795, and it is believed that the portrait was painted at about that time. It has hitherto been unpublished.

Attention: Architects

ARCHITECTS ENTERING the competition for the Smithsonian Gallery of Art should find many useful suggestions in an article by one of their colleagues entitled *Planning for Art Museum Services*. It is written by Clarence S. Stein and appears in the January 1, 1939, issue of the *Museum News*. Copies may be obtained from the American Association of Museums, Washington, D. C. The competition program is printed in part elsewhere in these pages; for complete programs apply to Joseph Hudnut, Graduate School of Design, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Delacroix Canvas for Toledo

THE DELACROIX PAINTING, *The Return of Columbus*, which was recently shown in the Gros, Géricault, Delacroix exhibition at Knoedler's in New York, and even more recently at the Art Institute of Chicago, will remain permanently in the Middle West. The Toledo Museum recently acquired this classic work from Kraushaar's. It was reproduced in last month's issue of the Magazine.

Bigger Awards in Theatre Competition

THE PRIZE MONEY offered in the architectural competition sponsored by the American National Theatre and Academy has been doubled by a gift from an anonymous donor. A report of this competition, scheduled to close on January 31, appeared in the December issue of the Magazine.

Winners will be announced about the middle of February.

Bancel La Farge Memorial Exhibition

UNTIL FEBRUARY 5, the Yale University Gallery of Fine Arts will hold a memorial exhibition of paintings by Bancel La Farge, a distinguished member of a distinguished family. His father, John La Farge, occupied a position in the history of American mural painting which must have made it both a temptation and a courageous choice for him to become in turn a mural painter.

In the case of Bancel La Farge, through his father's pre-eminence or through other natural courses, he had for wall decoration an extraordinary sense of fitness, and a true appreciation. Though he may not be ranked with his father and

may even be outrun by his son, Thomas, these are points that we feel certain did not concern Bancel.

Such matters as one's position in the material world did not taint his aspirations. These were for fitting decoration much more than for strikingly personal expression. In other words, he had not that particular brand of egotism which insists that his decoration should hold the center of attention. He wanted it primarily to be integrated with the architectural setting, to be a right part of the room which contained it.

It is to the man as well as the painter that we wish at this moment to pay tribute—his refinement, his cultivation, his generosity toward other painters, his breadth of view. He was deeply informed technically. His ideals remained those of a man glad to give his best to an art that he loved.

32nd Bach Festival

THE THIRTY-SECOND Bach Festival will be held in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Friday and Saturday, May 19 and 20.

The Bach Choir will be conducted this year by Ifor Jones, its new director. At the first session on Friday at 4 p. m. the program will include the cantatas, *Praise Ye the Lord, O My Spirit* (No. 69) and *God is My King* (No. 71), and the motet, *Come, Jesu, Come*. The evening performance will include the cantata *Thou Guide of Israel* (No. 104), the cantata for bass solo, *It is Enough* (No. 82), and the *Magnificat*. On Saturday the *B Minor Mass* will be given in full.

Corcoran Biennial

ARTISTS ARE REMINDED that the last day for submitting entry cards for the Corcoran Biennial is February 21. The exhibition will be held at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., from March 26 to May 7. Press view and varnishing day will be Saturday, March 25, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. The opening private view will be held that evening at nine o'clock.

As usual, the exhibition will be devoted to contemporary American oil paintings. It is open to all American artists; work submitted must not previously have been publicly exhibited in Washington. The usual gold, silver, bronze medals and the Corcoran honorable mention certificate will be awarded, accompanied by cash prizes of \$2,000, \$1,500, \$1,000 and \$500 respectively.

The jury this year consists of Maurice Sterne, Chairman, Randall Davey, Jerry Farnsworth, John C. Johansen and Carroll Tyson.

A Bookworm Turns on Leonardo

ISABEL M. PATERSON is an independent lady whose pithy comment in "Turns with a Bookworm" is a feature of the New York *Herald-Tribune* Sunday book section. Some time ago the Vallentin biography brought her round to the subject of Leonardo da Vinci, concerning whom she made the following remarks: "... Leonardo remains strangely unlikeable. ... He seems inhuman, coldly self-centered and for that reason ul-



Francisco Goya: Portrait of Don Vicente Maria de la Vera y Ladron de Guevara de la Roca, Marquis de Sofraga. Recently purchased by the Fine Arts Society of San Diego, California, from M. Knoedler and Company, New York



*Frans van Mieris the Elder:
The Artist in His Studio. A
recent gift to the Detroit Insti-
tute of Arts from Mr. and
Mrs. Edgar B. Whitcomb*

timately ineffective. . . . One is rather sorry for him, but in the long run the similarity of his repeated frustrations produces a sneaking conviction that he was the real cause of them himself. . . . How can any one get on with his fellow beings, or get any good of them, when he keeps neither his word nor his bond? . . . Even if the man did fail to finish things because he was too much absorbed in original cerebration—what good did that do the people he disappointed? . . . ”

But perhaps her real cause for dislike is the fact that he invented the wheelbarrow, a contraption she finds especially designed “to give the maximum of effort with the minimum of convenience.”

And after all, aren’t people still finishing the things which Leonardo began?

Bibliography of the Cinema

A COMPREHENSIVE bibliography of the motion picture has been undertaken by the Federal Writers’ Project, in collaboration with the Museum of Modern Art Film Library. Preparation of the first volume is in progress and a good part of the pre-

liminary work on the remaining two has been completed. The contents will include book and magazine references to the history, esthetics, technic and academic study of the cinema.

There will also be compiled a selection from critical comment on all important films, which with conscientious effort should in itself constitute a project of pretty staggering proportions. A reference of this kind, requiring exhaustive research, would probably never have been undertaken without government assistance. This seems to us an extremely logical and intelligent use of WPA resources. The work should be an invaluable record. It will include source material on foreign films, but its major contribution will be in clarifying and coordinating data on our native industry.

Motion pictures play an important part in the lives of most Americans. Their production has largely been in the hands of a few Hollywood potentates, who have kept a tight hold on the reins of power, expanding only in the direction of immediate box office returns.

We welcome enthusiastically every aid to the study of motion pictures, especially because in this country, in spite of



Benvenuto di Piero Tisi (called Garofalo): Madonna, Child and Saint Jerome. Given to Dallas Museum of Fine Arts by Kress Foundation

wonderful technical achievements, their natural and healthy growth has been handicapped by self-imposed censorship and by an unenlightened system of distribution.

Kress Donation to Dallas

THROUGH THE Kress Foundation, Samuel H. Kress has donated paintings, mostly early Italian, to art institutions throughout this country. The latest beneficiary is the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, which has received a painting by Garofalo entitled *Madonna, Child and Saint Jerome*.

Garofalo lived in Ferrara, Italy, from 1481 to 1559. He was a friend and pupil of Dosso Dossi, and a rather conventional imitator of Raphael.

Carl Nyquist

PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS by Carl Nyquist were recently shown at the Book Shop Gallery, a cooperative venture of local artists of Washington, D. C. Included were a number of works executed this summer during a trip to the mining district of south-western Virginia, as well as oils developed from sketches made of the unemployed in New York City.

There has lately been a hue and cry against works on social subjects. In commenting on the recent print show at the

Philadelphia Art Alliance, Dorothy Graffy, critic of the *Philadelphia Record*, protested strongly against the left-wing art. There is no question that the themes have been over-worked, much of their execution bad, and their expression more vigorous than sincere. Carl Nyquist's work, however, carries conviction because it is straightforward and without affectation. And, incidentally, he does not confine himself to social comment alone, since the show included portraits and landscapes as well.

"Visions of Other Worlds"

IN THE PRESENTATION of "theme" exhibitions there is frequently displayed a fine impartiality. The other day we received notice of an exhibition at the Mercury Galleries in New York, entitled "Visions of Other Worlds." Thinking, in spite of recent warnings, of the men from Mars, we read on; and discovered that side by side would be hung a selection of surrealist paintings, primitive African sculpture and work by the insane.

Worcester—Philadelphia Flemish Art Show

AN EXHIBITION of Flemish paintings organized by the Worcester Art Museum and the John G. Johnson Collection of the



William S. Mount: *The Banjo Player*. Lately given to Detroit Institute of Arts by Mr. D. M. Ferry, Jr. American genre is coming back

Philadelphia Museum promises to be one of the major art events of the season.

Opening in Worcester February 23, it will cover Flemish painting from Jan Van Eyck through Rubens. It is expected that Mr. Leo van Puyvelde, Curator-in-Chief of the Royal Museums of Belgium, will come over for the occasion, bringing with him twelve pictures lent by the Belgium government from the Brussels Museum, and thirty other paintings from public and private collections in Belgium. Among them will be *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian* by Memling, *Virgin and Saint Anne* by Hugo van der Goes, Rubens' *Virgin with Forget-Me-Nots* and *Parable of the Sowers* by Pieter Breughel the Elder. In addition to works from the Johnson Collection, paintings from other museums and private collections in this country will be shown.

The exhibition will be on view at the Worcester Art Museum through March 12. On February 24, 25 and 26 a seminar will be held for students of New England universities when authorities on Flemish art will discuss the paintings.

The opening in Philadelphia, in the galleries of the Johnson Collection at the Philadelphia Museum, will be on March 25 and the exhibition will continue there for one month.

Recent Acquisitions of the Albright Gallery

APART FROM ITS Room of Contemporary Art, the Albright Art Gallery is displaying two important recent additions to its collection of modern sculpture. They are Gaston Lachaise's bronze entitled *Elevation*, and a cement version of *Kneeling Woman* by Wilhelm Lehmbruck—both outstanding examples of the work of top-notch sculptors. If the Committee of Selection for the Room of Contemporary Art keeps to this high standard, there will be little need for the sifting process for which it has provided.

Donations for Detroit

THE COLLECTIONS of the Detroit Institute of Arts were recently augmented by three paintings of widely different character. A Dutch painting of the seventeenth century—*Portrait*

of the Artist in His Studio by Frans van Mieris the Elder, a baroque religious painting by Giuseppe Maria Crespi entitled *A Jesuit Mission* and the American nineteenth century *Banjo Player* by William Mount complete the trio. All are the gifts of private donors.

American Lyric Theatre, Inc.

AN EARLY SPRING event that is awaited with interest is the opening of the American Lyric Theatre, sometime in April. The League of Composers is cooperating with the sponsors of this new enterprise, which will be under the direction of Lee Pattison. The first offerings scheduled are a folk opera entitled *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, with music by Douglas Moore and libretto by Stephen Vincent Benet, and *Susanna, Don't You Cry*, based on Stephen Foster melodies, with score by Clarence Loomis and libretto by Sarah Newmeyer. The sets will be designed by Robert Edmond Jones, who is on the board of the new organization. Its officers are Edward R. Wardwell, President; Thomas H. McInnerney and Carleton

Sprague Smith, Vice-Presidents; Edward H. Robbins, Secretary; Dr. Thaddeus Ames, Treasurer; and Mrs. Arthur M. Reis, Chairman of the Executive Committee.

If the opening series is a success, the season will be extended and the company will go on tour. The aim of the organization is to give annual presentations of modern lyric dramas in English, with music by contemporary American composers.

Bronze Dancer

THE BRONZE STATUETTE, *La Grande Danseuse*, by Degas, which has been acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, recalls the fact that a number of wax and clay models were found in the artist's studio after his death. These, which included *La Grande Danseuse*, were cast in bronze in 1921 by M. Hébrard, friend of Degas and proprietor of the Galerie Hébrard. Many of the sculptures were sketchy in quality, and were probably intended as studies for paintings and pastels. However, this study of a very young girl is more finished than most of the artist's work in this medium.



Two additions to sculpture collection of Albright Art Gallery. Left: Lehmbruck: *Kneeling Woman*, cement. Right: Lachaise: *Elevation*, bronze

NEW BOOKS ON ART

Primitivism in Modern Painting

Primitivism in Modern Painting. By Robert J. Goldwater. New York, 1938. Harper & Brothers. Price \$5.

ONE OF THE epic tasks of the modern mind has been to explain in understandable terms the formulae of recent abstract art. In fact, we have an abundant literature in several languages bearing upon the various facets of this subject; and in this literature we find it refracted at almost every conceivable angle. Yet, the complete statement of the case for abstract and non-objective art has yet to appear. At some point in the not too distant future we may expect that some scholar will give us a synthesis of its most radiant implications; but if he does so, he will find those classifiable under the head of primitivism already collated, analyzed and interpreted.

This book is for those who heretofore have entertained a prejudice against either "primitive" or "primitizing" arts. In fact, it may well take its place as the capstone of a long

series of critical writings by students of race, of man and of art intended to correct our mis-evaluation of the arts of simpler cultures. Unquestionably, the primary task of such a work is to distinguish between the truly primitive and the primitivistic, a distinction that has not been realized by some writers because of the unjustifiably superior position they have accorded to the civilized over the so-called savage product. This swaggering type of cultural snobbery has been avoided by Mr. Goldwater, who allows only the most meticulous observation and analysis supported by copious extracts from the sources to lead him to a concise estimate of primitivism in each case of the same. Moreover, his judgments of indigenous values and moral tendencies are free of the influence of theories of racial and national determinism.

One of the most valuable achievements of the book is the clear correlation revealed by the author between the appeasement of the most vital impulse of European economy and politics in the nineteenth century, *i. e.*, territorial and economic imperialism, and the rise of primitivism in modern European art. Coincidental with the increasing interest in the exotic and tribal cultures and their material possessions was the renaissance of certain fundamental premises in our esthetic tradition, premises that modern psychology and art criticism have labored gigantically to illuminate. It meant a return to the elementary moods of art.

Primitivism, according to Mr. Goldwater, may be regarded as the most radical aspect of the modern artist's search for simplicity and spontaneous wholeness of expression. Exotic arts were a gift placed, as it were, in his lap; but even prior to his knowledge of these, and certainly subsequent thereto, the fermentation of his spirit drove him to related researches: hence the anti-intellectuality and orientalism of the Romantics and the naiveté of the Nazarenes and Pre-Raphaelites. Therefore, the relatively late primitivism of Gauguin and of the emotional and intellectual primitivists is a vintage taken from the same earth as the derivative harvest of the Romantics and the archaists. There is no possibility of confusing the primitivising essays of the sophisticated Western painters with their savage ante-types: since modern painting is modern, it is not primitive in the same sense as any of the aboriginal or prehistoric arts. The painting of the *Brücke*, the *Blaue Reiter* and even of the primitives of the subconscious is necessarily an allusive painting, although the styles of other periods and cultures are the basis of the phenomenon of primitivistic activity as a whole. Complete identification with a given level of artistic production depends therefore upon the mental attitude of the artist. Thus, folk art and the art of naive individuals are alike in their simplicity and realistic symbolism.

Naturally, such a statement would entitle the reader to a treatment of the psychological stratification of each movement. In this respect, the very technical pages of Mr. Goldwater's book are not disappointing; for all this spade work is necessary in order to disentangle the concept of primitivism from other concepts that have overlaid it or that parasite-wise have



Picasso: *Dancer*, 1907-08. From "Primitivism in Modern Painting" by Robert J. Goldwater. Reproduced by courtesy of Harper and Brothers

been feeding on it. For example, in his study of the *Brücke* and Surrealist groups the author has shown the connection between the psychographic of their painting and a specific inner necessity of the times.

One of the most interesting chapters of the book is that devoted to the Child Cult in modern art. The principal devotee in this phase is, of course, Paul Klee, the Dutch artist who has appropriated children's symbols for the purpose of illustrating his cosmic perceptions, and who fluctuates wilfully between the conscious and the sub-conscious in order to impregnate his mind with the primitive intelligence of the world. This is one of the most suggestive chapters of the book; for it brings to bear upon the artist's precise relations to the art of children and upon his more overt reactions the delicate expedients of a critical method which does not hesitate before the psychological abyss represented in Klee's involved drawings. For some of us the cosmic stammerings of Klee and Kandinsky may seem to be the ultimate esthetic degeneracy; but Mr. Goldwater's treatment should at least deter us for a while from shouting anathema at them. The esoteric predilections of certain modern painters need no longer be regarded as deceptive and senseless mumbo jumbo; for they have served to emancipate the artist from the trammels of mechanical realism and to bring him into closer touch with the more crucial impingements of reality upon the human mind. They have suppressed the "acquired means in favor of an appeal to fundamental elements in human nature."

Mr. Goldwater's book sets forth with the scientific acumen, clarity and precision of a text on surgery the origin, varieties and meaning of primitivism within the corpus of modern painting. He has evidently written the book under the inspiration of sincere scholarship, and has spared no pains in providing thorough documentation for all his arguments. He has chosen his illustrations with care, but not with the same completeness accorded his notes.—JAMES A. PORTER.

Flower and Fruit Prints

Flower and Fruit Prints of the 18th and Early 19th Centuries. By Gordon Dunthorne. Chicago, 1938. Lakeside Press. Price \$20.

IT IS RARE to find a book which is satisfying on as many counts as *Flower and Fruit Prints of the 18th and Early 19th Centuries* by Gordon Dunthorne. The text is readable and scholarly in approach, and the collected information is new and important in its contribution to the history of the graphic arts. The book's whole format, with thirty-seven illustrations in full color in the expert process of the Lakeside Press, is exceptionally fine. No effort has been spared to make this volume an exquisite and exceptional publication. Every detail of the edition has been carefully prepared, resulting in a book which is both handsome in appearance and unique in content.

In making various research studies, Mr. Dunthorne, a scholar and lecturer of note, became particularly interested in the quality of the flower prints of which he writes. He was able to secure a number for his private collection, and decided to reproduce many of the prints, and to publish the data which he had found. There is a surprising lack of available material in this field, and Mr. Dunthorne's book, including a catalog



Sacred Egyptian Bean. Reproduced from "Flower and Fruit Prints of the 18th and Early 19th Centuries." Courtesy of the Lakeside Press

raisonné of all works of the period in which such prints are to be found, will be an important source for future information.

Not only to the collector of rare prints and fine books, but to the many persons interested in horticulture, the book should bring great pleasure. It is true that many of the forgotten flowers of the English gardens of the eighteenth century exist now only in the flower prints of the period. Mr. Dunthorne suggests that there are many "interesting clues" to the expert horticulturist in these early botanical records.

The author reviews the first uses of the flower print, beginning with the early German and English botanical studies, made primarily as book illustrations and scientific records. The first such prints in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries were wood cuts, and inked and printed with the text which they illustrated. It was not until later, when the print-makers learned to employ the separate process of engraving, that emphasis was placed upon decorative and artistic value. The French tradition in flower prints is characteristically different, producing a decorative and graceful style long before the later more scientific and botanically correct drawings. It is interesting to remember how much the decorative seventeenth-century flower prints influenced the designs of chintzes, toiles and the wall papers which were to follow.

In England, an amusing use of the early eighteenth-century flower prints was a nurseryman's glorified equivalent to the seed catalog. Robert Furber, of Kensington, published a series of plates, one for each month of the year, and in an elaborate display showed the flowers which might then be in bloom. Each plant was numbered and Furber's clients actual-

ly ordered from these beautiful engravings. His series had considerable influence on the development of flower prints and catalogs, and a number of other publications followed Furber's original *Twelve Months of Flowers*.

Realizing the importance of understanding something of the different processes in order to appreciate quality in prints, Mr. Dunthorne has devoted some space to a description of the different mediums. As the process of printing became more advanced, with, for instance, the introduction of stipple engraving, the color and the designs of flower prints reached an even greater refinement. To the French artist, Redoute, must be given the credit for applying the stipple technique to flower prints and bringing the method to a high degree of finesse. The height of his achievement was the publication of what he considered his thirty best plates in a volume entitled *La Couronne des Roses*.

In the remarkable English productions of Dr. Robert John Thornton, a London lecturer on medical botany in the late eighteenth century, the art reaches what to many is its finest expression. Thornton's series had the distinction of being the first showing flower prints with landscape backgrounds, with each plant in the setting of its natural habitat. This artistic addition to the more formal presentation was highly successful. A number of Dr. Thornton's rich and dramatic prints are reproduced in their full color in Mr. Dunthorne's book.

The study of these early French and English prints of fruits and flowers is delightfully rewarding. Through his book Mr. Dunthorne has revived the esthetic enjoyment of an art upon which too little emphasis has been placed.—ALICE GRAEME.

Chinese Reproductions

Early Chinese Art. Series O, Section II. Edited by Laurence C. S. Sickman. Newton, Massachusetts, 1938. University Prints. Price \$2.50 (Set of 165 Prints).

GREAT STANDARDS of Chinese Art have just been made available to all who need them. We may now lie upon our parlor rugs, and, turning over pictures, memorize our China as once we did our Greece. For three-fourths of a cent to a cent and a half we may illustrate our own notes on the art of China. At long last the University Prints have been extended to include China and the event is one of significance. The finest productions of the goldsmith, the lacquer craftsman, the potter, and the worker in jade are reproduced, along with well rounded groups of bronzes, sculpture and painting.

The editorial work involved must have been enormous. The selection is one of authority and taste. The arrangement of objects together (there are frequently two on the same plate), whether to emphasize differences or similarities, is done with the precise care of museum exhibition. Clearness of the final reproduction must always have been in the editor's mind, and in all but a few instances the reproductions are excellent.

As for criticism, it is rarely possible to dispute the chronological arrangement. But one might question the earlier position granted to the Freer Gallery's *chüeh* O 93, vis à vis the Early Chou piece, O 99, from the same place. The disintegrated traditional pattern on the former would seem to be of later type than the latter's bold design of virile symbols. Plate O 86,

an art map of China, makes some omissions, such as Wu Liang Tzu and Wan Fo Hsia, but has margins wide enough for additions by those who wish to keep up with China's fast developing archaeology. A few plates only, such as O 120, the Stoclet bronze dragon, do not do justice to the original. With regard to the paucity of ceramic pictures it is understood that a drastic curtailment of numbers was necessary. To list omissions would, therefore, be pointless, though the reviewer regrets the publication of a Chien bowl restored with metal rim. Perhaps a separate set will eventually be issued for Chinese ceramics.

The virtue of the whole, however, overshadows matters of minor criticism. Many of our old favorites appear in new clarity. But this is no mere re-publication in convenient form of all the things we know. New discoveries, unpublished photographs and an inspired selection go to make the series at once a splendid review and a publication of importance.—

JAMES MARSHALL PLUMER.

Enjoying Art

The Art of Enjoying Art. By A. Philip McMahon. New York, 1938. Whittlesey House. Illustrated. Price \$3.00.

THE ART OF ENJOYING ART, to judge from Professor McMahon's book of this title, is one which requires as much time, labor, intelligence, perseverance and will-power as the art of mastering some medium in order to practice it successfully. Those who have assumed that enjoyment of the spatial arts, like enjoyment of literature, music and drama, is a spontaneous emanation from the frequent exposure of a receptive mind and emotion to worthy examples of the respective time-arts, are, it would seem, sadly deluded.

There is no intention of implying that Professor McMahon's new book is not meritorious. Anyone who labored industriously at the esthetic setting-up exercises described in its Parts II and IV, would benefit as inevitably as do those who observe without fail, their matutinal half hour of bending and twisting toward the acquisition of a symmetrical figure, or whatever.

In estimating the value of a book, one must consider the prospective reader. In his introduction Professor McMahon says, "This book is intended for readers who recognize that there is such a thing as art, who admit the classification and acknowledge corresponding examples, who respect the freedom of other men to make works of art by means different from those we use today and to feel and think in their own way about what they have made." This does not seem sufficiently comprehensive. The book appears to be intended for readers who are not only open minded, but who also possess the qualities of character mentioned in our first sentence, plus physical agility and the happy circumstances of leisure time and a private retreat.

Such would seem to be imperative in order to perform the numerous exercises suggested by Professor McMahon—for example, the following: (in cultivating enjoyment of color) "Lie down on your back and look at the object with your head pointing toward it. Note the differences between the colors as now seen, and those observed in the normal position." In cultivating awareness of equilibrium and direction "Try to read a newspaper with one arm extended horizontally from

(Continued on page 117)

"I Wonder What Time My Daddy Will Telephone?"

"The minute he calls up I'm going to speak to him about Bobby. He's my cousin, and he's just five weeks old. *And they haven't got a telephone where he lives!*

"One of these days his mother's going to run out of his talcum. Or she'll want his father to stop at the drug store on the way home for oil. Or maybe she'll want to ask the doctor about that rash on his back — Bobby's back, I mean.

"Then suppose some week he gains six ounces. Don't they expect to tell their friends news like that?

"Well, how is Bobby's mother going to do all those things besides her marketing?

"I'm going to see if my Daddy can't fix it. He's always saying how good telephone service is — and how cheap."



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LETTERS

A Rejoinder from Buffalo

To the Editor:

The main criticism which you level at the administrative plan of the Room of Contemporary Art in the Albright Art Gallery (January, 1939) seems to be that, (1) pictures will be chosen by a committee rather than by the director alone, and (2) that we show timidity by our intention to buy on an experimental basis. I shall be obliged to you if you will permit me to remind you of certain aspects of museum management, understanding of which would, I believe, have changed the character of your editorial.

I am inclined to believe that you err through lack of knowledge of the great differences which exist between museums, both within and without our country, as regards the nature of their foundation, support and primary purposes. In particular you do not show that you are sufficiently acquainted either with the history of the Albright Art Gallery of Buffalo or that of the National Gallery of London (the managements of which, at least by implication, you contrast!). Had you known our general situation you would, I feel certain, have realized that, though all committees are far from being an unmixed blessing, some are very far indeed from being the stultifying forces you take them to be.

Inasmuch as we are a museum virtually without endowment, a few well chosen and very active committees have meant, so far as our history is concerned, a chance for the director to develop the active interest and support of a large and loyal group of citizens. Without such committees these individuals would not have been able to participate in our affairs. And without their participation we could not have gained the means to have in Buffalo such projects as the Room of Contemporary Art. Their sense of responsibility to the artists and laymen of our city has been directly invoked by their inclusion in our activities as investigators, advisors and even as executives.

It was, therefore, with full realization of what such participation can mean that Mr. Knox, our president, rejected the carefully considered possibility that I should be delegated to form the proposed collection without a group of collaborators. I need hardly remark that I heartily concurred with his decision. I do not believe that the collection itself will suffer for this decision, and moreover I am now at liberty to inform you that two local artists of considerable distinction have been members of this particular committee since it was formed. They are Charles Burchfield, the painter, and Anna Glenny, the sculptor.

As for our experimental purchase plan, I have hitherto supposed that there was general agreement that one of the chief advantages of a private collection lay in the fact that its owner could continuously improve the quality in his galleries by weeding and exchange. At all events, I have felt envious at

hearing talks of how such collections as Mr. Widener's, Mr. Frick's and Mr. Lewisohn's were freed of their dross. In such collections the owner was never, like many a museum director, faced with an accumulation from over a period of years of hundreds of frozen errors in the form of once-fashionable pictures which must be permanently exhibited and labeled as the "Gift of Mrs. X" or "Purchased from the Y Bequest." Our own history, were there no others to contemplate, contained sufficient warning of the perils which follow the usual practice in the matter of accessions. We, therefore, avoided it out of sheer good sense and are rather amused to find that it is interpreted as timidity. If being willing to be pushed out of house and home by one's inevitable errors is courage, mark us down as chicken-hearted.

In contrast our plan provides that the funds given by the Knox family and the other enlightened founders of the Room will be suitably recognized on a plaque at the Room's entrance. Thus no donors' names will ever be attached to individual pictures. Those may be freely hung, moved, stored or otherwise disposed of instead of being chained by personal sentiment to some particular wall throughout eternity.

In conclusion, may I express the belief that this plan will insure the "daring" and "fearless" purchase and retention of an even greater number of outstanding works of contemporary art than would have been possible were we to have used our new funds for immovable and inexchangeable accessions.

Director,
Albright Art Gallery,
Buffalo, N. Y.

GORDON WASHBURN.

Further Information from Mr. Washburn

Far down in Mr. Washburn's letter, printed above, will be found this statement: "I am now at liberty to inform you that two local artists of considerable distinction have been members of this particular committee since it was formed." Our statement: "No mention has yet been made of including an artist on the committee," (*MAGAZINE OF ART*, January, 1939, page 43) antedated Mr. Washburn's amplification of his original publicity dated January 11. Since our discussion concerned lay committees, and since Mr. Washburn's addenda to his original statement about the Albright Gallery's "probation" room, gives the first information that this committee will have a majority of professionals he is discussing facts which he did not include in the original publicity which he was kind enough to send us.

We know the position of his sculptor member in the councils of the Albright Gallery. And, of course, everybody knows Mr. Burchfield. As for Mr. Washburn's implying that in commenting upon the influence of lay committees on American museums we were comparing the National Gallery with the Albright Gallery's "probation" room, that seems to us almost too imaginative. The word "probation" is quoted from Mr. Washburn's original publicity, not from his letter, which, as we may have implied, is based upon a series of facts not made known by him until after our January issue appeared.

FORBES WATSON.

EXHIBITION REVIEWS

(Continued from page 102)

whole flock of primitives on us?) Eve, at his best, in such canvases as *In the Neighborhood of Mantes Cathedral* is really not so much a primitive: his patterning of color, as in the house roofs and foliage, and his excellent design entitle him to consideration apart from primitivism. Curiously enough, in many of the later paintings, the carefully picked out masonry of a bridge or the detailed cobblestones of a pavement, or the wall-paper-like strips of tiled fields make these paintings seem more primitive than some of the earlier work. At any rate this toll-house employee can paint.

WHISTLER PRINTS

IT HAS BEEN several years since a large collection of Whistler etchings and prints have rivaled the show Henry Kleemann has got together. Here are *The Long House—Amsterdam*, in beautiful state, together with such costly examples as *Two Doorways*, *The Little Putney—No. 1*, the *Nocturne* in pale sepia, and *Doorway*. And yet with two score etchings to look at, I find myself turning to those slight little Tanagra-like figures—and feeling—regardless of prices and popularity—that some of those are much more beautiful in their sketchy lyricisms and that even the somewhat greasy effect in the *Limehouse* and certainly the atmospheric achievement in *The Thames* have claims which the etchings cannot put forward. Will time reverse some of our accepted judgments on much of this work? If so, there are a lot of us who would not regret it.

GERHARD MARCKS

CURT VALENTIN continues to put forward at the Buchholz Gallery shows of work by contemporary German painters and sculptors, most of them very much out of favor with the present régime. Most of them, assuredly, feel honored by their status, unfortunate as that may be for their personal fortunes. The latest of these is Gerhard Marcks, who, though allowed to remain in Germany, and though not by some distance so original and forceful a sculptor as the late Ernst Barlach, is nevertheless a very fine artist with an individual talent. These twenty-five small bronzes are decided proof of that; the drawings which supplement them—especially the figure drawings—possess the three-dimensional quality so characteristic of a sculptor's sketches.

Marcks achieves sensitive interplay of mass and rhythm. His elongated figures are his own and not echoes of Lehmbruck. An occasional figure seems oddly archaic—Etruscan perhaps. Slight, straight, tall bodies are deftly modeled. His work carries the convincing mark of simplicity, of sincerity. It is sure and direct in a kind of poetic realism. It is fine and personal, lacking—admittedly—the sweeping impact of Barlach. But it is all sensitive and accomplished if not so infused with gusty vitality. Marcks has tended a rock garden rather than prepared the way for larkspur and gladiolas or plowed a field for grain. But within his limits he has wrought truly and effectively.

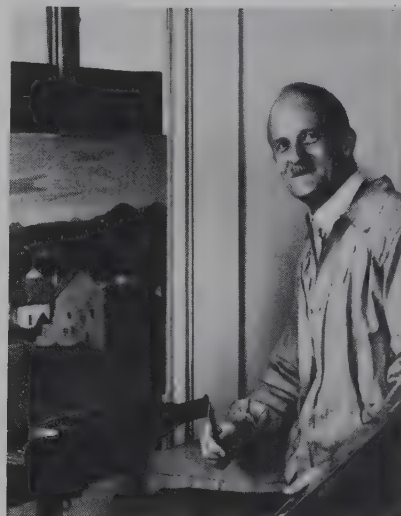
(Continued on page 116)

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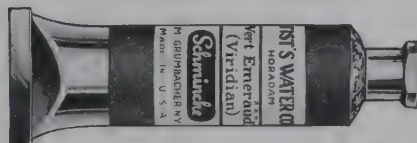


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LESLIE POWELL

ONE OF THE interesting debuts of the season has been that of Leslie Powell at the Charles Morgan Gallery. This young man mixes realism with surrealism, poetry with literalness, in a surprising manner. His brushwork is meticulous and he obviously labors long and lovingly over his paintings. His *Twice Upon a Time* presents classic figures in the shadow of a pyramid, with a classic nostalgia blending with fantasy. His *Rumba Dancer* in her red and white ruffles struts while standing still. His *Classic Dance* is an infinite task of sculptured draperies. Thinly painted and with well keyed color these pictures are hauntingly memorable. It is an auspicious first show.

HOWARD DEVREE.



Carl B. Nyquist: *The Blue Boy*, oil. In his one-man exhibition in the gallery of Bookshop Association in Washington last month

LINTOTT'S BALLET FIGURES

BARNARD LINTOTT's portraits and flower paintings have made a distinctive place for themselves, but his current showing of *Ballet and Theatre* indicates a field of interest that is not associated with his work. Yet Lintott began painting figures of the ballet during the World War while he was acting as Secretary to the British Ambassador in Russia. Having a box at the Marinsky Theatre at his disposal, he spent much of his four years' residence in Russia in studying the ballet. One of his portraits of Karasavina, made at that time, is included in the current exhibition. Naturally, when considering paintings of dancers, Degas comes to mind. Yet there is no similarity in objective or accomplishment in the work of the two painters, however similar the theme. Degas sought to catch a fleeting

movement, imprison a fugitive aspect through the artful irregularity of Japanese design, dissolving form in radiance. Lintott presents decorative designs of bodily gesture through figures that have substance and solidity, defined with brilliant craftsmanship and enhanced by richness of textures and beauty of surfaces. There is no suggestion of ephemeral pose and evanescent form; the movement and vitality of these canvases arise from the tension of life in the figures themselves, in the sense of bodily fluency and vigor that is inescapable in their resilience of form. A group of drawings of themes drawn from the ballet and theatre are an important feature of the showing.—M. B.

SCULPTURE IN DENMARK

(Continued from page 93)

one does not meet with in other countries. Not even in Norway and Sweden does one find sculpture permeating public life in this way, because neither country has any porcelain industry comparable to that of Copenhagen. On the other hand, in all three Scandinavian countries the association of the sculptor and the architect is very much closer than that which obtains either in the rest of Europe or in America. Hardly a building is put up in any of these three Scandinavian countries without the collaboration of the sculptor, or without some adornment of sculpture. That is why any Scandinavian town or city is worth a visit to those who are interested in architectural sculpture and architectural decoration. Denmark itself, being a very small country, and being on the whole merely a place through which the traveler passes on his way to either Stockholm or Oslo, tends to be forgotten. The visitor rarely leaves the beaten track, but, if he does so, many unexpected surprises await him.

It is improbable that the art of sculpture will decrease in Denmark even in these hard times, because the porcelain factories are constantly employing a number of young sculptors, from whose numbers there will emerge every now and then some great figure. The profession of the sculptor is a hazardous affair, at any rate when the sculptor is a young man, because until he has a reputation he cannot afford either to carve or cast works of art for which there may be no market. The painter who paints pictures and hopes to sell them, either privately or by exhibition, is not involved in any heavy capital outlay, but the expense of stone and bronze to a young sculptor is very great. Consequently in his earlier years he must have some steady source of income from which to draw if he is to be able to have the opportunity of carving large figures in stone and marble. The porcelain factories obviously provide for the young sculptor freedom from limitations of this kind, and so afford a source from which distinguished artists can be drawn. It is a pity that in other countries some similar support cannot be given by industry to art.

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NEW BOOKS ON ART

(Continued from page 112)

the shoulder or while standing on one leg. How long can you keep your attention fixed on the object under these circumstances?"

One concludes that the most likely class of readers would be college students under professorial guidance. The book would be an excellent text-book for an advanced course in appreciation of art. No one has to be reminded of the numerous pricks and spurs operating in institutions of higher learning, to keep the student's nose to the grindstone of cultural chores; nor does one overlook the fact that almost nothing operates to keep it there continuously after the sheepskin is acquired.

The average reader of this book is going to need guidance. The author gives innumerable questions, which the reader is supposed to ask himself in the presence of each work of art, and "secure specific answers." If he has trouble answering his own questions, he is referred to the bibliography at the end of

the book (which is incidentally, one of its best portions). Yet the Professor concedes further along, that "we are apt to connect right answers and right questions in wrong relations," which procedure promises to gum up the acquisition of knowledge.

Continuing to regard the book from the standpoint of the lay reader, one reluctantly concludes that it is hard to read. The author is of course, dealing with a largely abstract subject; but his phraseology is such that the reader will probably mutter "How's that again?" every few paragraphs, and will be obliged to retrace his steps. An exception to these comments, however, is the portion of the book (roughly one-third of it) entitled *Art at the Level of Technique* which is a concise and lucid dictionary of spatial arts media.

FLORENCE S. BERRYMAN.

NEWS AND COMMENTS

(Continued from page 109)

Augustan Art

THE EXHIBITION of Augustan Art continues to draw crowds to the Metropolitan Museum in New York. It will remain on view until the nineteenth of February.

Critics, who like to draw analogies between our present stage of civilization and the last days of the Roman Empire, have probably found as much human as esthetic interest in the show. All are unanimous in their praise for Miss Gisela M. A. Richter, Curator of Greek and Roman Art, whose expert hand is seen in the arrangements.

NEW RECORDINGS

(Continued from page 103)

orchestration, product of so scholarly a conductor, is naturally deft and resourceful; but the work as a whole must be placed in the category of Kapellmeister Music, Grade A, Division France. The performance is by the Paris Symphony Orchestra under the composer's direction; and the recording, which presents plenty of difficulties, has been pretty laudably managed.

• • •

WHEN SUPERIOR MUSIC is faithfully recorded by men who are sympathetic, understanding and technically proficient (when these men are ripely in condition); when criticism is offered in the recording room, so that a gaffe may be expunged and the passage tried again; when a little decent, conscientious musical responsibility is felt in the preparation of long recordings (by the recording engineer with the sales manager locked out of the studio) so that the number of record changes is minimized; then the result is immortality for the performer, a respectable justification of the existence of those concerned in the recording, and an incalculable delight for those moved by the art of music, now and in an incalculable future.



Degas: *La Grande Danseuse*, bronze, 39 inches high. Modeled 1880, cast 1921. Recently acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

This series of truisms (which despite their ponderosity ought to be engraved in enormous letters on the wall of every recording studio) prepares the way for Johannes Brahms' *Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel, Op. 24* (Columbia Album 345, three 12-inch disks, \$5.00). The work: one of the most exhaustive and consistently diverting sets of variations in piano literature, by a master. The performer: Egon Petri, whose command of the keyboard is guided by a happy understanding of the music. The recording: good. Supervising conscience: satisfactory.

Two sonatas (A Major and C Minor) by Domenico Scarlatti are played by Yella Pessl on Victor 1942 (10-inch, \$1.50). Three short pieces, one each by Farnaby, Bernhart Schmid and Byrd, are to be found on a 12-inch Columbia (69328, \$1.50), played by Ernst Victor Wolff. Both performers are harpsichordists; their instruments have more discrepancy in sound than can be imagined between any two pianos. Miss Pessl's responds to her vivacity with resonance and plangency, producing the Scarlatti with considerable appeal; while the tone of Mr. Wolff's is confused and soiled from the muddy spiritlessness of his attack upon it, as if to disprove Miss Pessl's contention that the harpsichord is a living instrument. The gentleman must have had an ailment during his session with the recorders: a pity, for Farnaby's *Rosalis* is a delectable morsel.

The same Wolff joins Janos Scholz (viola da gamba) in recording a work intended no doubt for students and antiquarians: Bach's *Sonata No. 2 in D* (Columbia Album X-111, two 12-inch disks, \$3.25). Cantor Bach wrote music in the same spirit in which a preacher composes sermons: to glorify God and feed a larger than average family. This was true even of his secular works; and just as with the preacher, much of the result is dreary. Nevertheless, bad Bach throws light on Bach; and if a student can remain awake during this sonata he will have increased his knowledge, and be indebted to the Columbia Company for it.

The gentle and obliging Franz Schubert wrote a sonata for an instrument, combining the features of guitar and violoncello, contrived by an acquaintance in Vienna. The arpeggione has disappeared; the sonata remains. It is not great Schubert;

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THROUGH FEBRUARY 16

PAINTINGS & WATERCOLORS BY
NICOLAI CIKOVSKY

it is in truth just agreeable Schubert. 'Cellists, however, like the opportunities it offers their instrument; and Gaspar Cassado transcribed the work as a concerto. In this form it is available as Columbia Album 139, with Cassado playing the 'cello part with an orchestra conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty. The same company now offers the work as a straightforward *Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello in A Minor* (Columbia Album 346, three 12-inch disks, \$4.50). Gerald Moore plays the relatively unimportant piano part with musicianship; Emanuel Feuermann's work with the 'cello is sensational in its proximity to perfection, and sensational in no other way. The luscious tone of this 'cello combines with candid classic phrasing in the production of a romantic warmth uncontaminated by interpretive posturing. It is a performance of aloof and pertinent, invisible virtuosity; and will probably never be surpassed.

• • •

IN THE EARLY 1920's the Gramophone Company of England issued some series of records from the *Ring* and *Meistersinger*, in which the vocalists were surrounded by an orchestra employing Wagner's instrumentation. The custom before had been to express (for example) the orchestral tumult that envelops the ecstasy of *Fort denn eile* by the thrifty utilization of the All-Star Sextet, still sweating in the studio, recuperating after the efforts attendant upon their triumphant recording of *Sobre las Olas*. The exigencies of the Wagnerian orchestration were satisfied, and the recording conscience attested, by the substitution of a cornet from a Soho restaurant for Signor Gambini's xylophone; the drastic excision of the sweet potato from the dismayed Sextet, and the insertion of a dash of quixotic prodigality with the gratuitous addition of a serpent from the Coldstream Guards' Band and the doubling of the string section with the charitable employment of a suddenly transfigured 'cellist.

This imaginative tradition, for which singers may still feel nausea or nostalgia, was ended by the *Ring* records. A more literal translation of scores, especially Wagner's, was thereafter the rule; and the Victor Company now uses the Philadelphia Orchestra in conjunction with such singers as Melchior and Flagstad. This is a much better orchestra than appears in opera houses; and it has a sound enough sense of its own value not to let any singer outweigh it in the matter of volume. From the resultant worthy reciprocal jealousy comes an album of excerpts from *Parsifal* and *Lohengrin* (Victor No. 516, two 12-inch disks, \$4.50) in which a nice ratio is maintained between singer and orchestra, and a tremendous mass

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of sound achieved. Lauritz Melchior is a Parsifal of intelligence and dramatic force in that part of Act II beginning with "Amfortas! Die Wunde!" and ending "Ewig von mir!" with Kundry a woodwind in what is described as a definitive edition of this splendid unhealthy passage. Tenor and orchestra are again excellent in the *Schlussgesang* ("Nur eine Waffe taugt") that accompanies Parsifal's ultimate application of the curative spear to Amfortas's sore.

The fourth side contains Lohengrin's *Farewell*, by far the most satisfactory record of this. The declamatory Parsifal has a suggestion of catarrhal complaint in Melchior's lower tones, as if his repudiated baritone sought to express its humiliation at being tenorized; in the lyrical *Farewell* there is no trace of it, the air being sung with a tonal appeal to match its fluency. Eugene Ormandy conducts the orchestra in the most brilliant accompaniments of Wagner on records.

The most demanding taste in music is the property of amateurs of Mozart's operas. There are no completely satisfactory records of the Contessa's two ethereal arias, *Porgi Amor* and *Dove Sono* from the *Marriage of Figaro*, and that includes the new one by Tiana Lemnitz (Victor 15178, \$2.00). This singer's half-voice is lovely; with force the instrument is shrill and unpleasant. An obtrusive and complacent artistry mars the delicate outlines of both airs. Bruno Seidler-Winkler, a phonographic veteran, conducts the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in the important accompaniments. (Note: The Contessa in Victor's complete *Figaro* is Aulikki Rautawaara, whose soprano is not perfect either, but who sings with a pleasing sincerity, and is immeasurably aided by the devoted and integrated conducting of Fritz Busch.) It is too bad all Mozartians cannot afford this Glyndebourne *Figaro*, issued in three albums (Victor Nos. 313, 314, and 315, \$33).

Victor offers on record 15218 (12-inch, \$2.00) three beautiful songs, Brahms's *Feldeinsamkeit*, and Reger's *Waldeinsamkeit* and *Zum Schlafen*, admirably sung by Maria Mueller, an Eva, Sieglinde and Elvira of comely memory at the Metropolitan Opera House. This for lovers of lieder.

And finally something for the kiddies, since we deprived them of the exclusive use of the *Nutcracker Suite*. Tots, toddlers, moppets and brats are the potential market of Decca's second album (No. 24, three 10-inch disks, \$2.25) of French Folk Songs for Children. It was wise to choose from France for this category: Germans, writing for children, have an annoying habit of creating musical masterpieces; Anglo-Saxons too often just set little tracts to music; but the French, with less talent for music than the Germans, and practically no talent for morality, produce childish airs with abundant benevolence. With a tendency to regard children as attractive little animals destined to develop at best into Landrus and Ponzis, their juvenile music is delightfully compounded of realism and escape. Louis Chartier sings in an agreeable and clear baritone fourteen songs, including such favorites as *Meunier tu dors, Il court, il court, le furet, J'ai du bon tabac* and *Marie trempe ton pain*.



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SMITHSONIAN COMPETITION

(Continued from page 83)

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REGISTRATION	a Registrar and secretary. b Assistants.
PAINTING	a Curator of painting and secretary. b Assistants, research and otherwise.
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PRINTS AND PHOTOGRAPHY

- a Curator of graphic art, prints and photography and secretary.
- b Assistant and secretary.
- c Head photographer and secretary (documentary, and work with extension, whose assistants will work in photographing room).

PUBLICATIONS

- a Editor of publications and secretary.
- b Assistant, editorial, layout.
- c Assistant, reproductions.

LIBRARY

- a Librarian and secretary.
- b Cataloger and assistants in slides, reproductions, etc. This office should be adjacent to library.

FILMS

- a Curator of educational films and secretary.
- b Assistant.
- c Research and technical assistants.
Small projection room and work room adjacent to office.

TRAVELING EXHIBITIONS

- a Director of traveling exhibitions and secretary.
- b Assistant and secretary.
- c Second assistant and secretary.

EXTENSION

- a Director of extension and secretary.
- b Assistant.
- c Traveling field assistants (need desk room only).
Rest rooms for men.
Rest rooms for women.
A general office for all stenographic work.

Provision shall be made for future expansion of the Administration Offices to a total maximum of 16,000 square feet.

4. EXHIBITION SPACE

The building as proposed for present construction should be provided with a total exhibition area of 35,000 square feet of floor space. At least 30 percent of this area shall be lighted



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with natural side light and about 20 percent with natural top light. Participants should note that east and west side light is less desirable than north and south side light.

Galleries should be left largely as open spaces to be easily subdivided by temporary partitions into various gallery arrangements for temporary exhibitions of widely different types. The greater part of gallery ceilings should be about 13 or 14 feet. There should be a long gallery or galleries with ceilings of around 25 feet, the area of which need be no greater than 3,000 square feet

Provision shall be made for the future expansion of the exhibition area to a total maximum of 70,000 square feet of floor space (including the 30,000 square feet proposed for immediate construction) and in this expansion the proportion of area having natural light should be the same as that noted above.

5. RESERVE EXHIBITION SPACE

In addition to the exhibition area provided for above, the Gallery must maintain not less than additional 10,000 square feet for the storage of national collections not on exhibition or tour, but which are nevertheless open to students and the public. At least 6,000 square feet of this area should be provided with screen racks and good high side light. Provision must be made for the future expansion of the building so as to provide additional reserve exhibition space to a total of 20,000 square feet, of which not less than 10,000 should be provided with screen racks.

6. AUDITORIUM

For lectures, films, symphony orchestra, and drama, to seat about 1,000. Proscenium 40 feet; stage 80 feet wide, 40 feet deep; 75 feet to gridiron; convertible orchestra pit for 25 musicians; dressing rooms; 2 chorus rooms, locker room for ushers, stage hands; simple but adequate storage and work space, so arranged as to be used independently of other parts of the building.

7. LECTURE ROOM

Seating capacity 100.

Projection booths for two lanterns and for films.

8. REFERENCE LIBRARY AND NATIONAL LENDING LIBRARY

[a] Stack and filing space for storage of 24,000 books on contemporary arts; 20,000 11- by 14-inch mounted photographs; 30,000 lantern slides; 5,000 mounted reproductions up to 3 by 4 feet.

[b] Study and reading space for 50 students.

[c] Cubicles for research work for 10 students.

[d] Work room, office.

Library should be arranged so that it could be open independently of the rest of the building.

Provision must be made for the future expansion of the library space in such a way as to accommodate the total of 50,000 books, 30,000 photographs, and 10,000 mounted reproductions.

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9. RECEPTION ROOM

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A board room with seating capacity of 25 to be located in such a way as to adjoin the reception room and be convenient to the kitchen.

10. WORK AREAS AND SUPERINTENDENCE

The following requirements for work area and superintendence are given in detail in order to give the participants an idea of the extent and character of these requirements. *They are not to be shown in detail on drawings submitted in the preliminary competition.* All of the areas given are approximate.

In designing the work areas, the participants must provide for the greatest possible flexibility so that the space can be readily reorganized in response to the changing needs of the institution. The following are required:

- [a] Garage for two trucks.
- [b] Superintendent's office (superintendent and two clerical).
- [c] Cleaning, supplies, etc.
- [d] Workmen's locker rooms, for 50 men, with toilet and shower room.
- [e] Guards' locker room, for 25 men, with toilet and shower room.
- [f] Lunch room for 25 men.
- [g] Receiving room, 3,000 square feet.
- [h] Carpentry shop, 3,000 square feet.
- [i] Paint shop, 500 square feet.
- [j] Lumber storage (mouldings, box material, and installation material) 800 square feet.
- [k] Box storage, 800 square feet.
- [l] Cleaning room for paintings, 300 square feet.
- [m] Recording room (registrar's other work office), opening into receiving room, see [g], 400 square feet.
- [n] Assembling traveling exhibitions, 2,000 square feet, convenient to shops and to
- [o] Mounting room, 400 square feet.
- [p] Photographing room for 3 to 5 workers with usual equipment, 1,000 square feet.

Provision need not be made for heating plant; but plumbing, air conditioning, equipment, engineer's offices, and engineer's work space must be provided in the basement.

11. STORAGE

The following is approximately indicative of the storage required. The design must provide for a future expansion to a maximum of 20,000 square feet and requirements for flexibility should be kept in mind:

- [a] Traveling exhibition temporary storage:
 - 5,000 square feet: 1 Sculpture storage.
 - 2 Painting storage (including prints, etc.).
 - 3 Architectural model storage.
 - 4 Industrial art storage.

[b] Permanent storage:

- 5,000 square feet: 1 Sculpture storage.
- 2 Painting and print storage.
- 3 Architectural model storage.
- 4 Industrial art storage.

[c] Publications storage: 1,000 square feet.

12. COAT ROOMS, ETC.

There should be not less than two coat rooms; for the galleries 600 coats; for the auditorium 300 coats.

Adequate toilets are also required.

13. DECORATION [MANDATORY]

The design should provide appropriate spaces in the auditorium, in reception room, in board room, and in other public spaces for mural paintings, and there should be provision for sculpture to be related to the facades.

14. MATERIALS FOR FACADES [MANDATORY]

All exterior surfaces of the building, other than roofs, glazed areas, and decorative details are to be of marble, limestone, or granite. Participants must clearly indicate materials on the drawings of elevations.

15. BUILDING HEIGHT [MANDATORY]

No part of the building shall exceed sixty (60) feet in height, measured above the height of the curb of the northeast corner of the plot.

16. DEVELOPMENT OF THE SITE

An important part of the program is the treatment of the plot. This treatment should be part functional and part decorative.

The functional elements shall include enclosed or semienclosed areas adapted to the exhibition of sculpture and other works of art, some of these objects being free-standing and some to be provided with backgrounds varying in character. It is essential that works of sculpture should be exhibited, so far as practicable, isolated from one another since they are so often disparate in style and scale.

The functional requirements will also include adequate parking space accessible from Independence Avenue for not less than 100 automobiles and there should also be a service court with adequate facilities.

In the development of the decorative features of the site, participants should keep in mind the character of the surrounding property. It is hoped that a setting for the building will be provided in harmony with the general character of the Mall.¹ It is hoped that the participants will provide some garden treatment for enclosed or partly enclosed areas which will not require extensive upkeep and which will be interesting in the winter as well as in the summer.

No part of the building, other than steps, terraces, open porticoes, and bays, shall [mandatory] extend beyond the building lines indicated on the site plan. [See Part I, Section 8.]

¹ Nothing in this program, however, is to be interpreted as requiring a formal or balanced relationship to other buildings.

FEBRUARY EXHIBITIONS

(Continued from page 128)

Nierendorf Gallery, 18 E. 57 St.: Works by Wassily Kandinsky.
Georgette Passedoit Gallery, 121 E. 57 St.: French Landscapes by Sister Matilda; to Feb. 11.
Perls Galleries, 32 E. 58 St.: Jean Eve.
Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E. 36 St.: French Exhibition: Drawings, Illuminated Manuscripts & Works of Art of 9th to 19th Centuries; to March 15.
F. K. M. Rehn Gallery, 683 5th Ave.: American Paintings.
Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Drive: Chicago Society of Artists Exhibition. Photography by Lewis W. Hine; to Feb. 26.
Schaeffer Gallery, 61 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Old Masters.
Marie Sterner Galleries, 9 E. 57 St.: American Water Colors; Feb. 1-12. Sculpture by Lu Duble; Feb. 13-25.
Studio Guild, 730 5th Ave.: Paintings by Katherine Lembach; Feb. 6-18. Paintings by Katherine Tilden, Emil Schiffer, Alberta Eno. Sculpture by Clark Minor; to March 4.
Uptown Galleries, 249 West End Ave.: Paintings by Contemporary American Artists.
Hudson D. Walker Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: Work by Marsden Hartley; Feb. 27-April 1. Mervin Jules; Feb. 6-25.
Walker Galleries, 108 E. 57 St.: Water Colors by Lily Cushing Emmet; to Feb. 11.
Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8 St.: Contemporary American Sculpture & Prints; to Feb. 17. Contemporary American Water Colors; Feb. 22-March 15.
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT
Slater Memorial Museum: Water Colors by New England Artists; to Feb. 14.
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts: 134th Annual Exhibition of Painting & Sculpture; to March 5.
Philadelphia Museum of Art: Blake Exhibition; Feb. 11-March 20.
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA
Carnegie Institute: Glackens Memorial Exhibition; Feb. 1-March 15.
University of Pittsburgh: Drawings from Robert Witt Collection; to Feb. 11.
PORTLAND, OREGON
Portland Art Museum: Walt Disney Celluloids for "Snow White."
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND
Rhode Island School of Design: Exhibition of Persian Art; to Feb. 19.
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
Virginia Museum of Fine Arts: Jacquelin Ambler Portraits; to Feb. 25. 3rd Virginia Photographic Salon; Feb. 4-25.
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK
Memorial Art Gallery: An American Group (AFA); Feb. 4-25.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI
City Art Museum: 33rd Annual Exhibition of Paintings by American Artists; to Feb. 12. Artists West of the Mississippi.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
Fine Arts Gallery: Printings by Ruth Peabody, Elsie Pomeroy, William Gaw.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
Paul Elder Co.: Paintings by Enrique Riveron; to Feb. 19.
M. H. de Young Memorial Museum: Paintings by Toby Rosenthal; to Feb. 15.
San Francisco Museum: 3rd Annual Water Color Exhibition San Francisco Art Association; to Feb. 28.
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
Seattle Art Museum: Architects Exhibition. 20th Century Paintings & Drawings. Paintings by Frederico Castellon (AFA); Feb. 8-March 6.
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
George W. V. Smith Art Gallery: Modern Textiles by Marianne Strengell; (AFA); to Feb. 22.
Springfield Museum of Fine Arts: French Romantic Painters; Feb. 7-March 5.
TACOMA, WASHINGTON
Tacoma Art Association: Paintings by Paul Klee; Feb. 12-March 1.
TOLEDO, OHIO
Toledo Museum: Great Lakes Exhibition; Feb. 5-26. National Exhibition of Swedish Prints. Paintings by Manuel Borkan.
TROY, NEW YORK
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute: Representative Post-War Buildings (AFA); Feb. 4-20.

VERMILLION, SOUTH DAKOTA

University of South Dakota: 2nd Studio Guild Trio Exhibition (AFA); Feb. 18-March 12.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Corcoran Gallery: Society of Washington Artists; to Feb. 19. Drawings by Herman A. Webster; Feb. 7-26.

Howard University Gallery: Small Sculpture. Water Colors from Studio Guild (AFA); Feb. 3-24.

Museum of Modern Art Gallery: Paris Painters of Today; to Feb. 26.

Phillips Memorial Gallery: Vuillard Exhibition; to Feb. 22. Water Colors by Margaret Fisher.

National Collection of Fine Arts (Smithsonian Institution): Works by Joel J. Levitt; Feb. 3-27.

Whyte Gallery: Paintings by Nicolai Cikovsky; to Feb. 16.

WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

College of William & Mary Gallery: Lithographs by Daumier; Feb. 10-23.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Butler Art Institute: Sketches by Carl Werntz; Feb. 3-26. Studio Guild Oils; Feb. 17-March 12. Oils by Maurice Braun; Feb. 3-26.

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CONTRIBUTORS

THIS MONTH Winslow Ames writes about William Blake as artist. Although this is his first contribution to the Magazine, he has written several articles for *Parnassus*, including "Gaston Lachaise, 1882-1935" and "Chiaroscuro Woodcuts." Mr. Ames is the Director of the Lyman Allyn Museum of New London, Connecticut.

THOSE WHO READ Heinz Warneke's own article will find out a good deal about him. The Connecticut farm of which he speaks is located at East Haddam.

SINCE 1937 Andre Kormendi has made his home in New York City. He writes us: "I am a Hungarian painter. I studied art in Hungary, Italy and France, living and working for eight years in Paris, between 1924 and 1932. Since 1924 I have exhibited regularly in France and Hungary; I had my first American show last spring at the Charles Morgan Galleries." Mr. Kormendi goes on to say that he has written about art for Hungarian papers and periodicals for the past eight years. Two of his articles, one on Pascin and another on Leger, were published in the United States in *The Arts* and in *Creative Art*.

THOSE WHO HAVE followed the Magazine for some years will recognize Stanley Casson as one of our most valued contributors. Mr. Casson's articles have included "The Mosaics of St. Sophia," "Late Anglo-Saxon Sculpture," "New Types of Byzantine Art and Decoration" and "Popularity of Archaic Greek Art." He is a Fellow of New College, Oxford.

WE LIKE to add to the list of our authors critics who care enough about their subjects to inform themselves deeply, to know the subject itself and its implications. We think C. G. Burke is a critic in this category. An outstanding student of phonograph records, Mr. Burke is the possessor of a collection which is a tribute to his knowledge and enthusiasm. His collection has passed the five thousand mark.

HAVING DEVOTED considerable time to studying the art of primitive peoples, James A. Porter is particularly well qualified to discuss Robert J. Goldwater's book, *Primitivism in Modern Painting*. Mr. Porter, who is also a painter, is a member of the faculty of the Department of Fine Arts of Howard University. In January, 1934, he wrote an article on Negro art for the Magazine, and he has also contributed to other publications. James M. Plumer is Lecturer on Far Eastern Art at the Institute of Fine Arts, University of Michigan. In this issue he writes about a portfolio of reproductions of Chinese art recently published by University Prints. His article, entitled "The Humble Ware of Chien," appeared in the Magazine in March, 1937. Florence S. Berryman is research librarian and a member of the educational department of The American Federation of Arts. She is a frequent contributor, as is also Alice Graeme, Art Editor of the Washington Post.

FORTHCOMING

THE MARCH ISSUE will be devoted to the San Francisco Fair. See the back cover of this number for a list of the feature articles, which will be generously illustrated.

EACH SPRING visitors flock to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, for the Bach Festival. In April we are publishing an article on the musical background of that community, written by Dr. Hans T. David, of the Music Division of the New York Public Library. Dr. David has been making a study of these early Moravian settlers, who contributed an interesting and important chapter to our musical history.

ALSO SCHEDULED for April is an article by William M. Milliken, Director of the Cleveland Museum of Art. His subject is Hans Leinberger, sixteenth-century German sculptor, whose work he studied exhaustively when in Bavaria last summer.

SINCE LEAVING the editorial ranks of the Magazine, Philippa Gerry has won a position for herself as a younger scholar in the field of Florentine painting. She was co-editor of Harper's Encyclopedia of Art, published in 1937. At the present time she is one of Dr. Richard Offner's research assistants. Her review of Katharine Neilson's book on Filippino Lippi will appear in an early issue.

NO ARTIST painting today writes about art more understandingly and with more interesting implications than Henry Varnum Poor. For this reason we are very glad to announce that we will soon publish an article by this distinguished painter which fully justifies the foregoing praise.

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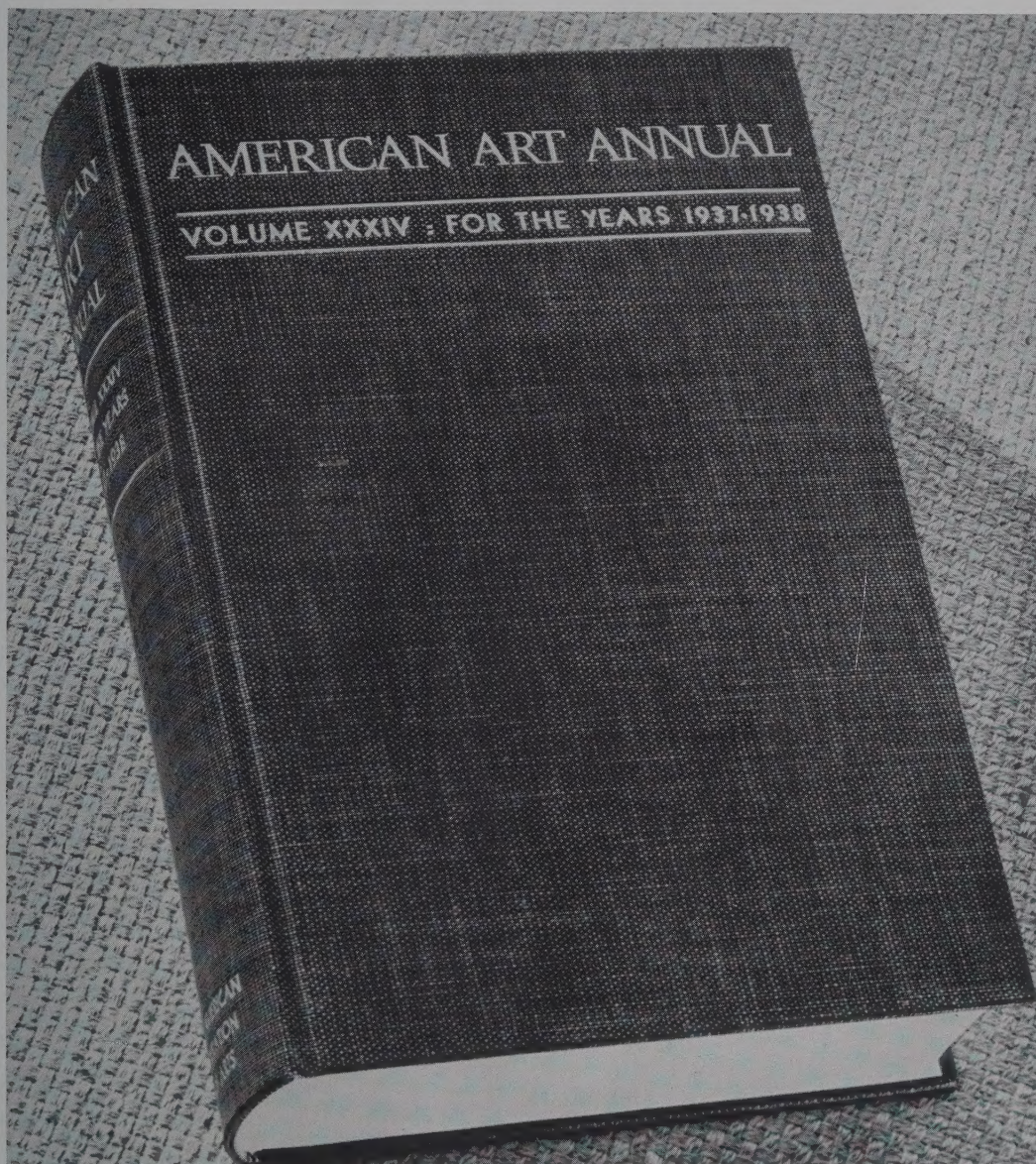
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New Volume 34 has just been issued. It covers nearly two years—the first since January, 1937—and it will last for two years. Now alternating with its companion volume, *Who's Who in American Art*, Volume 34 will be current until the fall of 1940.

Here's a glimpse of what is in it:

EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN ART

A short history of events and happenings between January, 1937, and June, 1938.

ORGANIZATIONS:

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FEBRUARY EXHIBITIONS

ALBANY, NEW YORK

Albany Institute of Art and Science: Paintings by Stanley Woodward. Studio Guild Exhibition of Contemporary American Paintings. Water Colors by Dorothy Waring.

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Addison Gallery of American Art: Oils and Glass Paintings by Josef Albers; Feb. 15-March 6. Exhibition of Design. An American Group Exhibition (AFA); Feb. 15-March 15. Making of a Contemporary Film; Feb. 15-March 6.

AUBURN, NEW YORK

Cayuga Museum: Preview of Regional Work for New York World's Fair. Wood Carving by Genevieve Hamlin.

AUSTIN, TEXAS

Austin Art League: 30 Contemporary American Paintings from Phillips Gallery (AFA).

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Baltimore Museum of Art: Negro Art; Feb. 3-19. 6 Contemporary American Artists; Feb. 21-March 19. Works by Herman Maril & Harold Wrenn.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Museum of Fine Arts: Despiau-Maillol Exhibition; Feb. 3 to Feb. 26.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Albright Art Gallery: Modern American Painting; Feb. 8-25. 2nd Exhibition in the Room of Contemporary Art. Acquisitions of the Past Year.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Art Institute of Chicago: 43rd Annual Exhibition by Artists of Chicago; Feb. 9-March 12. *Katharine Kuh Gallery:* Oils & Water Colors by Stuart Davis.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Art Museum: Loan Exhibition of 16th to 19th Century Drawings; to Feb. 13. 7th National Ceramic Exhibition; to Feb. 23. Portrait Etchings & Engravings; to Feb. 20. 19th & 20th Century Prints.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Cleveland Museum of Art: Expressionist Painting & Sculpture; to Feb. 28. 16th-Century German Woodcuts. 50 American Prints. Representative Buildings of Post-War Period; Feb. 2-26.

DALLAS, TEXAS

Dallas Museum of Fine Arts: Preview of Regional Work for New York World's Fair; Feb. 5-25. Modern American Prints; Feb. 5-March 4. Hovsep Pushman; Feb. 5-18.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Detroit Institute of Arts: Prints by Durer; to Feb. 12. Dutch Landscape Paintings.

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Neville Public Museum: Polish National Exhibition. Silver from Garvan Collection; to Feb. 24.

HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

Washington County Museum: 7th Annual Exhibition of Cumberland Valley Artists; Feb. 4-28.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Wadsworth Atheneum: Poussin Landscapes. Hartford Women Artists; Feb. 4-19.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

Museum of Fine Arts: 17th International Water Color Exhibition, from Art Institute of Chicago; Feb. 18-March 5. Paintings by Frederick Remington; Feb. 26-March 19.

IOWA CITY, IOWA

University of Iowa Gallery: Sculpture by Archipenko; Feb. 1-28. Paintings by Max Beckmann.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Kansas City Art Institute: Preview of Regional Work for New York World's Fair; Feb. 5-26. *William Rockhill Nelson Gallery:* Masters of Popular Painting. Water Colors by J. Van Huysum.

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Laguna Beach Art Association: Oils by Gounod Romandy; to Feb. 17. Oils by Lillian Whiting; Feb. 18-March 12.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

University of Nebraska Gallery: Paintings by Frederick Taubes; Feb. 10-28.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Foundation of Western Art: Landscape & Figure Painters; to March 18.

Los Angeles Museum: Exhibition of Design. Group Show by California Artists.

Stendahl Art Galleries: Paintings by Douglass Parshall. Water Colors by Alfred Ybarra.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Speed Memorial Museum: Recent Acquisitions. Exhibition of Modern Architecture (Museum of Modern Art).

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Brooks Memorial Art Gallery: Representative Buildings of Post-War Buildings (AFA); Feb. 3-26.

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA

Mills College Gallery: Photographs of Egypt by Dr. Hamann; to Feb. 12. Master Drawings of 19th & 20th Centuries.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Minneapolis Institute of Arts: Drawings by Alfeo Faggi; to March 1. Views of Paris. Landscape Prints; to March 15. Chinese Bronzes from Pillsbury Collection; to June 1.

University Gallery: Survey of American Painting. Contemporary Mexican Crafts; Feb. 1-28.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

Montclair Art Museum: Women Painters & Sculptors; Feb. 2-26. Paintings by Harry Leith Ross; Feb. 2-26. Prints by New Jersey Artists; Feb. 2-26.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Newark Art Museum: Preview of Regional Work for New York World's Fair; Feb. 1-19. Ancient Musical Instruments. American Folk Paintings.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Yale University Gallery of Fine Arts: Bancel La Farge Memorial Exhibition; to Feb. 5.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

Lyman Allyn Museum: 19th Century Prints & Print Techniques; Feb. 4-March 12.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Isaac Delgado Museum: 38th Annual Exhibition Art Association of New Orleans; Feb. 5-28.

NEW YORK CITY

A. C. A. Gallery, 52 W. 8 St.: Paintings by the New York Group; Feb. 5-18. Paintings by William Gropper; Feb. 19-March 11.

American Artists School Gallery, 131 W. 14 St.: Paintings by Jacob Lawrence & Samuel Wechsler; Feb. 6-25.

Arden Gallery, 460 Park Ave.: Loan Exhibition of Rare Jades.

Argent Gallery, 42 W. 57 St.: Portraits & Figure Paintings by Robert Jackson. Sketches by Edward Chrystie. Paintings by Ethel McPherson; to Feb. 11. Sculpture Exhibition; Feb. 13-25.

Artist's Gallery, 33 W. 8 St.: Paintings by Ralph Rosenborg; to Feb. 13. Water Colors & Colored Wood Cuts by William H. Johnson; Feb. 14-27.

Babcock Gallery, 38 E. 57 St.: Paintings by American Artists.

Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Paul Maze.

Boyer Galleries, 69 E. 57 St.: Work by Knud Merrild.

Buchholz Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Sculpture & Drawings by Gerhard Marcks; to Feb. 18. Recent Paintings by Max Beckmann; Feb. 21-March 11.

Carroll Carstairs Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Water Colors by Lawrence Tompkins; Feb. 13-25.

Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13 St.: Paintings by Kuniyoshi; to Feb. 11. Sculpture by Nathaniel Kaz; to March 4.

Durand-Ruel, Inc., 12 E. 57 St.: French Paintings.

Durlacher Brothers, 11 E. 57 St.: Tintoretto Exhibition; Feb. 20-March 18.

Ferargil Galleries, 63 E. 57 St.: Paintings by A. Sheldon Pennoyer; to Feb. 12. Paintings by Louis Eilshemius; Feb. 14-25.

Fifteen Gallery, 37 W. 57 St.: Sculpture by Genevieve Hamlin; Feb. 6-18.

French Art Galleries, Inc., 51 E. 57 St.: Modern French Paintings.

Grand Central Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave.: Pictorial Scenes; to Feb. 11. Annual Exhibition American Society of Miniature Painters; Feb. 7-25. Work by Iacovleff; Feb. 21-March 11.

Marie Harriman Gallery, 61 E. 57 St.: Figures by Picasso; to Feb. 18.

Kennedy & Co., 5th Ave. & 59 St.: Drawings of American Birds by Athos Menaboni. Etchings by Rembrandt.

Kleemann Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Eugene Higgins.

M. Knoedler, Inc., 14 E. 57 St.: American 18th Century Portraits; to Feb. 11.

C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries, 730 5th Ave.: French Paintings; to Feb. 25.

Julien Levy Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Massimo Campigli; to Feb. 7. Eugene Berman; Feb. 7-28.

Lillienfeld Galleries, 21 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Vlaminck; to Feb. 11.

Mercury Galleries, 4 E. 8 St.: Paintings by 50 American Artists; Feb. 6-20.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5th Ave. & 82 St.: Chinese Tapestries; to Feb. 26. Augustan Art; to Feb. 19.

Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave.: Paintings by Miron Sokole; Feb. 6-25.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Water Colors by Harry Hering; Feb. 6-25.

Charles L. Morgan Galleries, 37 W. 57 St.: Oils by Morris Davidson; Feb. 11-25.

Morton Galleries, 130 W. 57 St.: Water Colors & Drawings by Gurdon Howe; Feb. 6-18. Sculpture by Walter Rotan. Paintings by Cecil Bell; Feb. 20-March 4.

Municipal Art Galleries, 3 E. 67 St.: Work by New York Artists.

New York Public Library, 5th Ave. & 42 St.: Political Cartoons by Joseph Keppler. Prints by Gavarni.

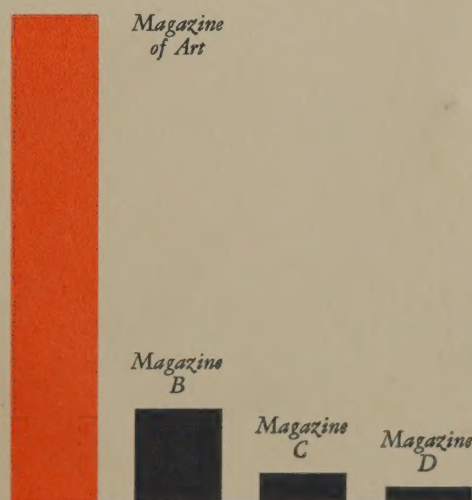
(Continued on page 125)

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